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THOMAS SACKVILLE,

EARL OF DORSET

From a picture at Buckhurst

rnas Sackville Dorset

THE

ORKS OF THOMAS SACKVILLE,

LORD BUCKHURST,

TERWARDS LORD TREASURER TO QUEEN ELIZABETH AND EARL OF DORSET.

EDITED BY THE HON. AND REV.

REGINALD W. SACKVILLE-WEST, M.A.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST.

IN offering to the reader of our early literature a new and complete edition of the works of the Author of the first Tragedy[1] in the English language, a few brief historical references to his life and character will not be without interest.

The family of Thomas Sackville settled in England soon after the Conquest. They were lords of Sauqueville, a small town in Normandy, about five miles south of Dieppe, and Herbrand, their chief in those days, was

[1] In speaking of this, Dodsley, in the preface to his *Old Plays*, says:—"The first dramatic piece of any consideration in the English language." Mention is made of some tragedies written in the reign of Henry VIII. by Henry Parker, son of Sir William Parker; and one John Hoker wrote a comedy, in 1535, called *Piscator*. Richard Edwards, in the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, wrote two comedies, *Palæmon and Arcite*, and *Damon and Pithias*; and though Nicolas Udall be considered as having done much for English comedy, his style is coarse, and will not bear comparison with that of Lord Buckhurst.

one of the brave knights who accompanied the Norm Conqueror when he gained possession of the Engl throne. Though there are many names among s ceeding generations which added lustre to this ho we must place among the foremost that of Thomas, I Buckhurst, both as a distinguished statesman, and poet of very high merit. This double claim to notice was fully admitted by his own contemporari well as by those who followed him; among the fo of whom we might mention his friend and succes literary honours, Edmund Spenser, who, when pre ing to him a copy of his own imperishable work *Fairy Queen*, forgets not that the now active stat was once the poet,—

> "Whose learned muse, hath writ her own record
> In golden verse, worthy immortal fame."[1]

[1] The following lines were sent to Lord Buckhurs author of *The Fairy Queen*, with a copy of the first ed 1590:—

> "In vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,
> By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
> Whose learned muse hath writ her owne rec
> In golden verse, worthy immortall fame:
> Thou much more fit (were leisure to the sam
> Thy gracious soveraignes praises to compile,
> And her imperial Majestie to frame
> In loftie numbers and heroick style.
> But sith thou maist not so, give leave awhile
> To baser wit, his power therein to spend,
> Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may
> And unadvised oversights amend.

And if we must date the dawn of English poetry in the time of Chaucer, we may trace to Sackville the style and character which it afterwards assumed in Spenser and Shakespeare.

But evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile Zöylus' backbitings vaine."

The testimony of another contemporary, Joshua Sylvester, ought not to be omitted. It occurs in a dedicatory sonnet prefixed to one of the parts of his translation of *Du Bartas*, and is as follows:—

To the right Honorable, the
Earl of Dorset (*late*) *Lord High*
Threasurer of England.

Anagr. { Sacvilus / *Vas Lucis* } Comes Dorsetius / *Esto decor Musis* / *Sacris Musis celo devotus* }

THE SCHISME.[a]

Not with-out Error, *and apparent* wrong
To Thee, *the* Muses, *and my* self (*the most*)
Could I omit, amid this Noble *Hoast*[b]
Of learned *Friends to* Learning, *and our Song*,
To muster Thee: Thee, *that hast lov'd so long*
The sacred Sisters, *and* (*sad sweetly-most*)
Thy self *have sung* (*under a fayned Ghost*)
The tragik Falls *of our* Ambitious *Throng*.
Before, in honour of Thy *younger* Art,
And of the Muses, *honour'd by the same*,
And to express my Thankfull *thoughts* (*in part*)
Tract *I sacre unto* SACKVIL'S *Name*,
No less renown'd *for Numbers of* Thine Owne,
Than for thy love *to Others' Labours shew'n*.

[a] This is the title of the 3rd book of the 4th day of the 2nd [illegible] according to other eminent persons to whom other books [illegible]ed.

Thomas Sackville was born in the year 153(

[1] The Inquisition taken at Southwark on the death father is as follows:—Inq. c. ap. Southwark 10 M Eliz. . . . Rici Sackvill mil.=Wenefrida
vol. 22 M'cii 8 El. | superstes
ob. 21 Apr. 8 El. |

Thomas Sackvill fil et heres est etat 29 Ann &c.

a dau—dña dacr The Lady Dacr *Harl. MS.* 757, fo

PEDIGREE OF SIR THOMAS SACKVILLE LORD BUCKHURST.

Herbrand de Sackville, *temp.* William the Conquer

Sir Robert=Lettice Woodville.

Jordan=Ela de Dene.

Sir Geoffrey=Constance Brook.

Sir Jordan=Maud de Normanville.

Sir William=Clara Hastings.

Sir Jordan=Margery Aguillon.

Sir Andrew=Ermyntrude Malyns.

Andrew=Joan Mortimer.

Buckhurst, in the parish of Withyham in Sussex, which

Sir Andrew = Joan Burgess.

Sir Thomas = Margaret Dalingridge.

Edward = Margaret Wakehurst.

Humphrey = Catherine Browne.

Richard = Isabel Diggs.

Sir John = Margaret Boleyn.

Sir Richard = Winifrid Brydges.

Sir Thomas, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset = Cecily Baker.

Robert, 2nd Earl = Margaret Howard. Henry. William.[1]

Anne = Sir Henry Glenham. Thomas.

Jane = Anthony, Viscount Montague. Mary = Sir Henry Neville.

This William Sackville was knighted in France in 1589, at the age of teen years, and lost his life in the wars in that country in 1592. re is a poem on his death among Douce's MSS. in the Bodleian, No. supposed to be by Rosse of the Inner Temple. See mention of his others Henry and Thomas in Append. No. VII.

from the time of Henry II. had been the residence of his ancestors.[1] His father, Sir Richard Sackville,[2] held several important offices in the successive reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Elizabeth. His mother was Winifrede,[3] the daughter of Sir John Bruges, or Brydges, of London, and Lord Mayor in the year 1520, of another branch of which family were the Barons of Chandos. His grandmother Margaret was the daughter of Sir William Boleyn, and aunt to Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth. From his childhood he showed signs of genius and future greatness; and although we have no distinct mention of his early education, there is good reason to assume that care was taken with it. His father's conversation with Mr. Ascham,[4]

[1] Jordan de Sackville, the grandson of Herbrand de Sackville, who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, married the Lady Ela de Dene, the heiress of Buckhurst, in the reign of Henry II.

[2] Mr. Ascham, who was preceptor to Queen Elizabeth, gives this eulogium of Sir Richard Sackville:—"That worthy "gentleman, that earnest favourer and furtherer of God's true "religion; that faithful servitor to his prince and country; "a lover of learning and all learned men; wise in all doings; "courteous to all persons, showing spite to none, doing good "to many; and as I well found to me so fast a friend, as I "never lost the like before."—Preface to *The Schoolmaster*, p. x.

[3] After the death of Sir Richard Sackville, she married the Marquis of Winchester, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to her memory.

[4] In the year 1563, after dining with Sir W. Cecil, then Secretary of State, at Windsor, a conversation took place be-

respecting the bringing up of his grandson, shows us that it was at least not likely to have been neglected in the case of his own son. Towards the end of the reign of Edward VI, at about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, he was sent to Oxford, and entered at Hart Hall, where he resided only a short time, but acquired, nevertheless, the reputation of a poet.[1] "He became," says Milles,[2] "an excellent poet, leaving many of his "labours, both in Latine and English, to the world, "which remain as memorable praises to all posterity." To what he then wrote we must refer the words of Jasper Heywood,[3] his contemporary:—

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tween Sir Richard Sackville and Mr. Ascham, of which the following forms a part: Sir Richard Sackville, speaking of what had happened to him in his own education from having a bad schoolmaster, adds, "But seeing it is but in vain to la- "ment things paste, and also wisdome to look to thinges to "come, surely, God willinge, (if God lend me life,) I will make "this my mishap some occasion of good hap to little Robert "Sackvile, my sonne's sonne; for whose bringing up I would "gladlie, if so please you, use speciallie your good advice." . . . . "I wish also," adds Mr. Ascham, "with all my "hart, that yong *Mr. Rob. Sackville* may take that fruite of "this labor, that his worthie Graundfather purposed he should "have done: And if any other do take either proffite or plea- "sure hereby, they have cause to thanke *Mr. Robert Sackville*, "for whom speciallie this my Scholemaster was provided."— Roger Ascham. Preface to *The Scholemaster*, edit. 1571.

[1] Wood, *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. i. 347.

[2] *Catalogue of Honour*, p. 412.

[3] Translation of *Thyestes* of Seneca, 1560.

"There Sackvylde's sonnets sweetly sauste,
And featly fyned bee."

But none of these, unfortunately, have come down to us, unless we may number among them that which is prefixed to Hoby's translation of the *Courtier of Count Baldessar Castilio*, printed in 1561.[1] He afterwards went to Cambridge, and took there the degree of Master of Arts. Having completed his studies at the universities, as it was generally then considered essential to a liberal education to acquire some knowledge of law, Thomas Sackville was admitted at the Inner Temple; but the records of that learned society do not

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[1] "These royall kinges, that reare up to the skye
Their Palaice tops and decke them all with gold:
With rare and curious woorkes they feed the eye:
And showe what riches here great princes hold.
A rarer worke, and richer far in worth,
Castilio's hand presenteth here to the,
No proud ne golden court doth he set forth
But what in Court a Courtier ought to be.
The Prince he raiseth houge and mightie walles,
Castilio frames a wight of noble fame:
The King with gorgeous Tyssue claddes his halles,
The Court with golden vertue deckes the same,
Whos passing skill lo Hobbies pen displaise
To Brittain folk, a work of worthy praise."

There is extant also an epitaph, ascribed by some to Sackville, which was in Bisham Church, Berkshire, on the tomb of Sir Philip and Sir Thomas Hoby. It is printed in Wotton's *English Baronetage*, 1741, and in Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, 1723.

support the assertion of Abbot[1] and Milles,[2] followed by Lloyd, that he was regularly entered as a student, and took the degree of barrister. Having married, at the early age of nineteen, in the year 1555, Cicely, daughter of Sir John Baker, Kt., and a Privy Counsellor, of Sissinghurst in Kent, he sat two years after as member for the county of Westmoreland in the Parliament of the 4 and 5 Philip and Mary, 1557-8, having at the same time been elected for the borough of East Grinstead, in Sussex;[3] and in the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1558-9, he was again elected, and sat for East Grinstead, at which time his name appears in the *Journals of the House of Commons*[4] as taking an active part in introducing several bills.

But his literary fame began now to obtain greater notoriety. He had written a tragedy, for one of the Christmas festivals at the Inner Temple, which had not

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[1] *Funeral Sermon*, p. 13.

[2] *Catalogue of Honour*, p. 412. His father, Sir Richard Sackville, was a Bencher, 1 and 6 Eliz.—Dugd. *Baron*, vol. ii. p. 399.

[3] "For that Thomas Sackvill, Esq. is returned one of the "Knights for the County of *Westmorland*, and also a Burgess "for the Borough of *Estgrenestede*, in the County of *Sussex*, "and doth personally appear for Westmorland, it is required "by this House, that another person be returned for the said "Borough."—*Journals of the House of Commons*, 4 and 5 Philip and Mary.

[4] Vol. i. pp. 53, 54. (Printed 1803.)

been printed, and, as we are informed by what is prefixed to the first authorized edition in 1570, was never intended for publication. By desire of the Queen, however, it was acted at Whitehall by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple on the 18th of January, 1561,[1] and four years after was published, unknown to the author, "ex- "ceedingly corrupted." About this time also, between the years 1557 and 1563, he wrote a poetical preface or induction to a poem, of which he had formed the plan after the model of Dante; but, from want of leisure, was able only to take a small share in the remaining part of the work, which was completed by others;[2] and the year 1563, when the part written by him first appeared, closes his literary labours,[3] which had com-

[1] The following probably refers to this performance:— "On the 18th of January, 1561, there was a play in the "Queen's hall at Westmynster by the gentyll men of the "Tempall after a great maske, for ther was a grett skaffold "in the hall, with grett tryhumphe as has bene sene, and the "morow after the skaffold was taken doune."—*MSS. Cotton.* Vit. F. V.

[2] Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers undertook the carrying on the work. John Higgins and Richard Niccols were afterwards great contributors to it.

[3] We accidentally learn, from a translation of *Boethius*, by J. T. in 1609, dedicated to the "most vertuous Lady the Coun- "tesse of Dorset, Dowager," that Lord Buckhurst once contemplated a similar undertaking. In the Epistle Dedicatorie is as follows:—"This Booke (I say) so much esteemed by

menced with so fair a prospect and with so much talent, destined, however, for the future to be otherwise employed.[1] He was again in Parliament in 1563, having been elected member for Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire.[2] He was now also much occupied about the Court, which we have thus recorded in his own words in his will:—"I having received from Her Majesty many

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"your late most worthy Lord and Husband, as had his leisure "beene answerable to his learning and will, it had been eno- "bled by a more noble Translation."

[1] "The writers of the succeeding age," says Mr. Pope, "might have improved as much in other respects by copying "from him a propriety in sentiments, a dignity in the sen- "tences, an unaffected perspicuity of style, and an easy flow "of numbers; in a word, that chastity, correctness, and gra- "vity of style which are so essential to tragedy; and which "all the tragic poets who followed, not excepting Shakespeare "himself, either little understood or perpetually neglected."—See Spence's Preface to *Gorboduc*, 1736.

"Our historic plays are allowed to have been founded on "the heroic narratives in the *Mirror for Magistrates*; to that "plan, and to the boldness of Lord Buckhurst's new scenes, "perhaps we owe Shakespeare."—Lord Orford's *Works*, vol. i. p. 333, edit. 1798. See also Warton's *Observations on Spenser*, vol. ii. p. 109.

[2] The ancestors of Lord Buckhurst were early connected with Buckinghamshire. Sir William Sackville, in the time of Henry I, held one knight's fee at Fawley, in that county; and Sir Bartholomew Sackville, in the time of Edward II, died seised of the manor of Fawley. Sir Thomas Sackville represented the county in several parliaments in the reign of Richard II.

" special graces and favours, as first in my younger " years being by her particular choice and liking se- " lected to a continual private attendance upon her own " person." This special preference may partly be attributed to his relationship to the Queen, as well as to the marks of talent and fitness for offices of trust, which were probably noticed in him at an early age.

At this period of his life an incident occurred which has not received much explanation. Travelling in France and Italy, and being at Rome, he was detained there a prisoner fourteen days, but whether on account of pecuniary difficulties, or for other reasons, is not clear. Dr. Abbot says:—" Which trouble was brought upon " him by some who hated him for his love to religion " and his duty to his sovereign."[1] This remark, however, does not appear to be supported by any proof, although we may fairly conclude that religious differences at this time prevented there being much cordiality between the Court of Queen Elizabeth and the Court of Rome. That his imprisonment was owing to pecuniary embarrassments is quite as probable. Being of a generous disposition, and, as Sir Robert Naunton[2] observes, " of that height of spirit inherent in his house," he was in his youth too magnificent for his means, which, in the lifetime of his father, were of necessity

[1] *Funeral Sermon*, p. 14.

[2] *Fragmenta Regalia.*

limited. Upon his father's death, which took place while he was at Rome, on the 21st of April, 1566, he immediately returned to England.

It was now evident that Thomas Sackville would follow in the steps of his ancestors, and be a leading man in the affairs of state. On the 8th of June, 1567,[1] he was knighted[2] by the Duke of Norfolk in her Ma-

[1] In this year Sir Thomas Sackville resigned the office of Grand Master of the Freemasons. The following anecdote is told in connection with his holding this appointment:—"From "this time (1553) they continued without any patron till the "reign of Elizabeth, when Sir Thomas Sackville accepted the "office of Grand Master. Lodges, however, had been held "during this period in different parts of England; but the "general or grand lodge assembled in the city of York, where "it is said the fraternity were numerous and respectable. Of "the Queen we have the following curious anecdote with re-"gard to the Masons: Hearing that they were in possession "of many secrets which they refused to disclose, and being "naturally jealous of all secret assemblies, she sent an armed "force to York to break up their annual grand lodge. The "design was prevented by the interposition of Sir Thomas "Sackville, who took care to initiate some of the chief officers "whom she had sent on this duty in the secrets of Masonry. "These joined in communication with their new brethren, "and made so favourable a report to the Queen on their re-"turn, that she countermanded her orders, and never after-"wards attempted to disturb the meeting of the fraternity. "In 1567 Sir Thomas Sackville resigned the office of Grand "Master in favour of Francis Russel, Earl of Bedford, and "Sir Thomas Gresham, an eminent merchant."—See *Encyclop. Britan.* vol. x.; also Preston's *Illustrations of Masonry.*

[2] M. 6, College of Arms.

jesty's presence, and the same day raised to the degree and dignity of a Baron of the realm by the title of Lord Buckhurst, Baron of Buckhurst in the county of Sussex.[1] From this period to the day of his death he was almost wholly occupied with public affairs.

His housekeeping appears to have commenced in the Queen's palace at Shene, in Surrey, where he had apartments, for which he paid the yearly rent of forty marks, his mother, as he states, having "the order and "keeping of the house." But in the year 1568, when, by her Majesty's command, he had to entertain a Cardinal,[2] his establishment had not reached its after magnificence; and the simplicity of his mode of life seems not to have well suited the more luxurious habits of his guests. He regrets, in a letter of explanation to the Lords of the Privy Council,[3] that the Queen on this account "stood highly displeased" with him, "especially," he says, "being to Her Majesty as I am." This same

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[1] Pat. 9 Eliz. p. 10.

[2] This was Odet de Coligni, Cardinal de Châtillon, brother of the Admiral Coligni. Having become a Protestant, he took refuge in England after the battle of St. Denis, in 1567, where he was well received by Queen Elizabeth. He returned to France after quiet had been restored in 1570, but died the year following of poison given him by one of his servants. There is a good full-length picture of him and his two brothers, Francis and Gaspard, at Knole, by Jansen.

[3] See Append. No. II.

document supplies us with very curious information, as showing how few and simple were the absolute requirements of domestic life in those days, when Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, had no linen which for the Cardinal's use "cold satisfie their turne," such glass only "which they thought to base," and a table at which he himself dined, which they refused, "for that "yt was but a square table."

The first important employment which Lord Buckhurst had was in the year 1571, when he was sent on a special mission to Charles IX, King of France, to congratulate him on his marriage with Elizabeth of Austria, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and also to negotiate the matter of the proposed alliance of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou, brother of the French king.[1] He speaks of this as one of "two

[1] Holinshed, in his *Chronicle*, gives the following account of this embassage:—"Moreover this year about Candelmas, Sir "Thomas Sackville, Baron of Buckhurst, was sent in Ambas- "sage from the Queen's Majesty to Charles the Ninth, the "French King, as well to congratulate for his marriage with the "daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, as for other weightie "affaires. And as his Ambassage was great, so was his "charge no lesse in furnishing himself and traine accord- "inglie, being both in number and furniture such in everie "point as did apperteine; and his receiving and interteine- "ment in France by the King and others was agreeable there- "to; for he was received upon the coast by the Governours "of the fortified towns right honourablie by order from the

"several times" that the Queen conferred upon him the honour of being "her ambassadour special about mat-"ters of great trust and importance." Stow, in his

"King. Among other the baron of Bournoisell was one, who "being verie well mounted and appointed, left not his Lord-"ship before he came to the Court, and from thence accom-"panied him backe until his Imbarkement homewards.

"In the Maine Countries he was accompanied with the Go-"vernours and Nobles of the places about: and in the good "townes where he passed he was presented by the chiefe Ma-"gistrates, wherein their good wils were to be thankefullie "accepted, though his Lordship's rewards far overvalued their "presents. At his approach neere to Paris he was incountred "on the waie, for courtesie sake, by two Marquesses of Trans "and Saluces, this being of the House of Savoie, and the other "of the worthie familie of Foir. These wanted not such as "accompanied them, and the same even of the best sort. At "the lord Ambassador's first audience, which was at the cas-"tell of Madril otherwise called Bullogne neere Paris (where "the King then laie), the Queenes Almain Coches, verie "bravelie furnished, were sent to Paris for him, in one of "which his Lordship with the Marquesse of Trans rode to-"wards the Court, verie narrowlie escaping from a shrewd "turn and great mischance, by reason the same Coch was "overthrown by the Dutch wagoners, their negligence, who "in a braveerie gallopping the field, made an over short turne "wherewith the Marques was sore brused.

"The lord Ambassadour, at his arrivall at the place, was "right honourablie received; he was banketted by diverse, "and that verie sumptuouslie; which by him was not left un-"requited to the uttermost and rather with the better, for his "liberalitie unto the French was verie large, but his reward at "the King's hands was onelie a chain waieng a thousand French "crownes. . . . . After that the Lord Buckhurst had been "feasted and banketted by the King, and other of the French

Annals,[1] remarks upon the liberality of the English ambassadour on this occasion towards the French:—"The chief magistrates," he says, "making him pre-"sents, his Lordship was so generous as to return more "than the value of them."

It is difficult now to realize fully the difference in the habits and manners of the time of which we are writing; and more difficult is it to define correctly the relative position of monarch and subject, so as to form a just estimate of what was then a legitimate exercise of the regal power. But however much allowance an impartial observer or historian may make in reviewing events, which must be expected to bear strongly impressed upon them the character of the age to which they belong, it is impossible to justify all those acts of the Royal Prerogative which, especially at this period, under the form of State Trials, so often resulted in capital punishment. Lord Buckhurst, as we might suppose from his rank and position, was called upon to take part in these proceedings. In the year 1572 he was one of the Peers that sat on the trial of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, who, being attainted of high treason for his

"nobilitie, and had accomplished the points of his Ambas-"sage, he took Leave of the King, and departed homewards, "arriving here in England a little before Easter."—Vol. iv. p. 258, edit. 1808.

[1] P. 668, edit. 1614.

communication with Mary Queen of Scots, shared the fate of his distinguished father, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. The families of Sackville and Howard were afterwards united by the marriage of the Lady Margaret,[1] only daughter of this Duke, and Robert, Lord Buckhurst's eldest son, who, on the death of his father, became second Earl of Dorset.

We come now, in the year 1586, to an event which throws one of the gloomiest shadows over the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots is made a prisoner, a commission is appointed for her trial, and her life is sacrificed. Lord Buckhurst was one of the forty who were chosen to bring to an issue this dark transaction; but his name is not found among those who assembled at Fotheringay Castle, and afterwards in the Star Chamber at Westminster, when the Queen was condemned. He was, however, selected to convey to her the sentence of death[2] confirmed by the English Parliament; which difficult and painful duty he discharged in a manner that merited the notice of the unhappy Queen, who, as a mark of her approbation, as it is supposed, gave him a piece of the furniture of her private chapel, *the Procession to Calvary, carved in wood,* which is still preserved among the family relics at Knole, in Kent. In the following year, 1587, he

[1] See Southwell's Poems: one of which was composed on the death of this Lady Margaret. London, J. R. Smith. 1856.

[2] Camden's *Elizabeth*, p. 363.

was sent on a special embassy to the Low Countries, to negotiate the matters there in dispute, in which the conduct of the Earl of Leicester, who held the appointment of Governor and Commander of the Forces, was called in question.[1] Acting with his accustomed integrity, he could not wholly take the part of the English general, by which means he fell into the displeasure of the Queen, over whom the influence of Leicester was at that time great. A somewhat unusual, though not altogether then unknown mode of punishment, was resorted to. The Lord Buckhurst was confined to his house for nine or ten months by a royal mandate to that effect; during which time, in order strictly to obey her Majesty's injunction, he would neither see his wife or children; "a "rare example," says Dr. Abbot,[2] "of obedience and "observance unto his sovereign." Upon the death, however, of the Earl of Leicester, which happened shortly after, he was restored to the Queen's favour, and his conduct, which had been undeservedly censured, appeared in its true light. As a proof also of the high esteem in which he was now held, on the 24th of April following, 1588, he was elected at Whitehall one of the Knights Companions of the most noble Order of the Garter,[3] without having any previous knowledge of it,

[1] Many of the letters of Lord Buckhurst relating to this matter may be found in the *Cabala sive Scrinia Sacra*, 1691.

[2] *Funeral Sermon*, p. 15. 1608.

[3] Ashmole's *Order of the Garter*, p. 301.

and was installed at Windsor the 18th December, 1589.[1] An honour of another kind now awaited him. In the year 1591, on the 17th of December, he was chosen Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and on the 6th of January next was incorporated Master of Arts at his lodgings in London, not having yet taken that degree in this university. His opponent was the Earl of Essex, who had been put forward by the Puritans. For Lord Buckhurst, though favourable to the Reformation, which was sedulously promoted in this reign, had no sympathy with a party whose principles were alike dangerous to the Church and monarchy. The Queen's letter in his favour determined the election.[2] In the following year her Majesty visited Oxford, and was magnificently entertained by the new Chancellor.

As Lord Buckhurst had now for many years been

[1] In St. George's Chapel at Windsor, among the names of the Knights is as follows:—"*Du tres noble et puissant Seigneur* "*Thomas Sakeville, comte de Dorset, baron Buckhurst, grand tre* "*sorier d'Angleterre, chlr du tres noble Ordre de la Jartiere, en* "*stallé a Windesor* 18 *jour de Decembre* 1589."

[2] 1591. Canc. idem Hattonus, quo diem xx Novembris obeunte, solicitos admodum Togatos habuit successoris electio Alii maxime vero Catharorum ad schisma propendentes Robertum De Evereux, Essexiæ comitem neque parum jam apud Reginam valentem; alii autem Thomam Sackvile Baronem de Buckhurst præoptabant. Perceptis tandem ab Elizabetha Buckhurstii in gratiam literis, eundem xvii Decemb. coopta vimus, ad quem etiam codicillum, electum significantem, post paulo transmisimus.—*Hist. et Antiq. Univ. Oxon.* 1674.

actively engaged in public affairs, and employed frequently in offices of great trust and responsibility, we are not surprised to find that, on the death of Lord Burghley, he was selected by the Queen to be the successor of that eminent statesman, and made High Treasurer of England on the 15th of May, 1599. But his well known abilities and character did not prevent his appointment, as he himself says, from meeting with "a most earnest opposition of some great persons, who then very mightily withstood the same." It is probable that the Earl of Essex was one of these, as he courted the favour of the Puritan party, who dreaded so great an obstacle as Lord Buckhurst in the way of their designs. And they were not mistaken. For to the watchfulness of the Lord Treasurer, not long after, must in a great measure be attributed the discovery of what resulted at last in open acts of rebellion, when the Earl of Essex and other leaders of his party were made prisoners. On the 19th of February, 1600, Robert, Earl of Essex, and Henry, Earl of Southampton, appeared before the Lords at Westminster, charged with high treason. A spacious court was made in Westminster Hall, where the Lord Treasurer Buckhurst sat as High Steward of England, under a canopy of state. When the trial was ended and the prisoners found guilty, being called upon to pronounce the sentence, which he did, says Lord Bacon, "with gravity and solemnity," he exhorted the Earl of

Essex to implore the Queen's mercy;[1] and it was with great reluctance that the royal warrant for the execution was afterwards signed.

Upon the death of the Queen, on the 24th of March, 1603, Lord Buckhurst was one of those upon whom devolved the administration of the affairs of the kingdom, and the proclaiming King James of Scotland the successor to the throne of England.[2] After attending the royal funeral solemnities in Westminster Abbey on the 28th of April, he met the King, on the 2nd of May, at Broxbourne, in Hertfordshire; and being very graciously received by him, was confirmed in the office

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[1] "*L. Steward.* My Lord of Essex, the Queen's Majesty "hath bestowed many favours on your predecessors and your- "self; I would wish, therefore, that you likewise would sub- "mit yourself to Her Majesty's mercy, acknowledging your "offences and reconciling yourself inwardly to Her Majesty, "by laying open all matters that were intended to prejudice "Her Majesty, and the actors thereof; and thereby no doubt "you shall find Her Majesty merciful."—*State Trials*, vol. i. p. 207.

[2] *Rymer*, v. 16, p. 490. The signature of Lord Buckhurst, of which the facsimile is here given, is attached, among others, to an order dated 24th March, 1602 (1603), the original of which is among the Cecil Papers at Hatfield, addressed to the Lieutenant of the Tower for the proclaiming King James on Tower Hill, as had been done at Whitehall and Cheapside.

of Lord Treasurer,[1] the patent[2] of which had been previously renewed for life by the king on the 17th of April, before his arrival in England. On the 13th of March following, 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset. Though now declining in years, he was not less devoted to the public duties of his office, while he availed himself of all occasions,[3] even when attended with much exertion, of showing publicly every mark of loyalty and dutiful respect towards his sovereign, so as indeed to reserve but little time for leisure and private business. In a letter[4] to the Earl of Salisbury, dated 4th September, 1605, he says, "I go now to Horseley (which was his country-house in Surrey, about twenty miles from London), "thence to Knole,[5] where I was not but ons in the first

[1] A warrant for increasing the duty on tobacco, signed by the Lord Treasurer in the 2 Jac. I. recites, "That tobacco being "a drug brought into England of late years in small quantities "was used and taken by the better sort only as Physick to "preserve health; but through evil custom and the toleration "thereof that riotous and disorderly persons spent most of "their time in that idle vanity," &c.—*Rymer*, p. 601.

[2] Pat. 1, Jac. I. p. 14.

[3] See Append. No. VIII. [4] See Append. No. IX.

[5] A grant of the magnificent mansion of Knole, in Kent, was made by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Buckhurst in the early part of her reign, in order, as is the tradition in the family, that she might have him near her court and councils; but in consequence of a previous lease, which had not expired, he did not come into actual possession of it till 1603; which explains what he is reported to have said in the year 1600 concerning Otford House in Kent, "that he sought to have some parke "or other neare London, but cold not compas it; that all his

" beginning all the yere, whens for 3 or 4 daies to " Buckhurst, where I was not these 7 yeres." His hospitality, however, at his different houses, was much in renown. " He kept house," says Dr. Abbot,[1] " for forty " and two years in an honourable proportion. For thirty " years of those his family consisted of little less, in one " place or another, than two hundred persons. But for " more than twenty years, besides workmen and other " hired, his number at the least hath been two hundred " and twenty daily, as appeared upon check-role. A " very rare example in this present age of ours, when " housekeeping is so decayed." In the beginning of the month of June, 1607, he was dangerously ill at Horseley House,[2] where, he says, " I lay in such ex-

" own Parkes and Landes were 28 Mile of fowle way, and " that he had no place near London to retire unto, and there- " fore should be glad of it, if Sir Robert Sidney wold part with " it."—*Sidney Papers*, vol. ii. p. 183.

[1] *Funeral Sermon*, p. 16.

[2] [In the following extract from a private letter mention is made of the king's displeasure at this time, but I am not aware of any notice of it elsewhere.—ED.] " The Lo: Treasurer is " comme to his howse heere agayne, who had bin in the coun- " trie for a tyme very discontented, I thinke partely wth some " message the Kinge sent him aft^r^ he had refused to paie money " to ye Lo. Hey, wch his Matie had given him, & partely also " because the great sute for Sr Richard Levison's lands is " passed agaynst Sr George Curzon our countraieman, whose " daughter and heire the Lo. Buckhurst's sonne hath mar- " ried. His Matie aft^r^ some displeasinge messages sent ye Lo. " Treasorer a dyamond, & wished he might live so long as " that ringe would continue; wch they say revived my Lo.

"tremitye of sickness, as yt was a common and con-
"stant reporte all over London that I was dead." He recovered, however, sufficiently to be able to resume his duties, and, if we may judge from a letter[1] which he afterwards wrote, with faculties unimpaired. His will[2] also, which is most elaborately composed, and of great length, is dated the following August; and a very long codicil was written, as it commences by stating, with his own hand. He died the next year, 1608, on the 19th of April, while sitting at the Council Table in Whitehall, being in his seventy-second year. The solemnities of his funeral were performed in Westminster Abbey, and the sermon[3] was preached by his Chaplain, Dr. Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. His body was removed to Withyham in Sussex, the parish in which Buckhurst is, where he lies, according to his desire, among his ancestors, beneath the Sackville Chapel, which adjoins the parish church.[4] A monument[5] erected to his memory and that of his wife was

"Trh'er agayne."—From a Letter of William Knyveton to the Countess Dowager of Shrewsbury, dated 22nd June, 1607, which is found in Hunter's *Hallamshire*, p. 96.

[1] See Append. No. X. [2] See Append. No. XI.

[3] Sermon preached at Westminster May 26, 1608. London, 1608.

[4] See *Historical Notices of Withyham and the Sackville Chapel*, London, J. R. Smith, 1857.

[5] On it was inscribed:—

"Illustrissimus Thomas Sackvile
Miles Baro Buckhurst Comes

destroyed by fire in the year 1663; but on the leaden coffin, in raised letters, may still be read:—

"Here lieth ye Body of Thomas Sac^v^ Baron
" of Buckhu^r^ Earle of Dorset Knight of the
" Garter Chancellor of O^x^ Lord High Treas^r^
" of Engl^a^ a Prive Counselor to Qu^r^ Elisa^n^
" afterwards to King James who died ye 18
" April 1608."

I might conclude this brief Memoir with the testimony of others to the character and genius of him who is the subject of it, and thus show, as Lord Orford remarks, that "few ministers have left behind them so "unblemished a character;" but since the actions and words of a great man are the best biographical comment that can be offered, although it may be found that I have but faintly and imperfectly traced and set forth the former, with confidence as to the result I now place the latter in the hands of the reader.

R. W. S-W.

Dorset Su^m^us Angliæ Thesau
Rarius Elizabetha et Jacobo
Regnantibus a Sacris Consiliis
Ordinis Periscelidis Eques Auratus
Et Academiæ Oxoniensis Cancella
Rius ob xix Aprilis Ao. m.dc.viii."

APPENDIX.

[The following Letters are copied from originals in the handwriting of Lord Buckhurst, with the exception of No. I, which is taken from Collins's *Sidney Papers*, and No. X, which is from a Copy in the State Paper Office. "His secretaries," says Naunton, "did little for "him by the way of inditement, wherein they could sel- "dom please him, he was so facete and choice in his "phrase and style."]

No. I.

Thomas, Lord Buckhurst, to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, on the death of Sir Philip Sydney.

My very good Lord,

WITH great grief do I write these lines unto you, being thereby forced to renew to your remembrance the decease of that noble gentleman your nephew, by whose death not only your Lordship and all other his friends and kinsfolks, but even her Majesty and the whole realm besides, do suffer no small loss and detriment. Neverthe-

less it may not bring the least comfort unto you; that as he hath both lived and died in fame of honour and reputation to his name, in the worthy service of his Prince and Country, and with as great love in his life, and with as many tears for his death, as ever any had; so hath he also by his good and godly end, so greatly testified the assurance of God's infinite mercy towards him, as there is no doubt but that he now liveth with immortality, free from the cares and calamities of mortal misery; and in place thereof, remaineth filled with all heavenly joys and felicities, such as cannot be expressed: so as I doubt not, but your Lordship in wisdom, after you have yielded some while to the imperfection of man's nature, will yet in time remember how happy in truth he is, and how miserable and blind we are, that lament his blessed change. Her Majesty seemeth resolute to call home your Lordship, and intendeth presently to think of some fit personage, that may take your place and charge. And in my opinion her Majesty had never more cause to wish you here than now; I pray God send it speedily. I shall not need to enlarge my letter with any other matters, for that this messenger, your Lordship's wholly devoted, can sufficiently inform you of all. And so wishing all comfort and contentation unto your Lordship, I rest your Lordship's wholly for ever, to use and command as your own. From the Court, this 3rd of November, 1586.

Your Lordship's

Most assured to command,

T. Buckehurst.

No. II.

Mr dutie to your Lordships most humblie remembred. Returning yesterday to Shene, I receved as from your L., how her highnes stode gretelie displesed w^t^ me, for that I had not in better sorte entertained the Cardinall who having bene w^t^ so grete honor receved, not onlie by thos in whos houses he had rested before, but also even by the Quenes Majestie herself, her H. did the rather take it in verie ill parte towardes me, especiallie being to her M. as I am. And farther that her H. plesure was I shold deliver unto his L. the kaies of all the gates and doores, and the whole hous to be at his comandmente. Toching the furste parte of this message, wth how grete grief I receved the same, god and my sorofull harte can beste witnes. So injuste reportes of me to her M. trobled me very muche, her H. displesure a grete dele more, but doubting how to remove the same, that greved me most of all. For whatsoever my deserte have bene, I know not how I may presume to clere me self yf her M. have already condemned me, and yet thinking it both a grete faulte and a folie to betraie mine ynocencie wth silence, I have resolved to laie before your L. plainlie and simplie as it past, the whole discourse of my deling towards the cardinall, w^t^ this protestacōn beside, that yf anie parte therof be found untrue, I wishe to me self the losse of her M. favor, and consequentlie of my lief w^t^all. And therfore when your L. shall have considred therof, if to the same it may apere, that I have no waies deserved

this displesure, I shall then most humblie beseche your L. that ye will vouchsafe on my behalf, w^t^ most lowlie peticōn to her M. to restore me again to her M. most gracious favor. Yt may plese your good L. therfore tunderstand that having receved your L. letters that I shold repaire to Shene, and there to do the beste I cold in accomodating the Cardinall w^t^ mine advise aid and assistans towards her M. officers who then were at Shene for that purpose, (the same your letters containing no other effecte at all) I toke hors w^t^in one hower after, I being then xxx mile of from Shene, and so rode all the night, and upon my coming thether, being but 2 daies before the Cardinals arivall, I spake w^t^ her M. officers, w^t^ whome I had conferens for the better accomodating of the Cardinall. I brought them in to everie parte of the hous that I possessed, and showed them all such stuf and furniture as I had. And where they required plate of me, I told them as troth is, that I had no plate at all. Suche glasse vessell as I had I offred them, which they thought to base; for naperie I cold not satisfie their turne, for they desired damaske worke for a long table, and I had non other but plain linnen for a square table. The table whereon I dine me self I offred them, and for that yt was but a square table they refused yt. One onlie tester and bedsted not ocupied I had, and thos I delivered for the Cardinall him self, and when we cold not by any menes in so shorte a time procure another bedsted for the bushop I assighned them the bedsted on wch my wiefes waiting wemen did lie, and laid them on the ground. Mine owr basen and ewer I lent to the Cardinall and wanted me

self. So did I the candelsticks for mine owne table, w^t^ divers drinking glasses, small cushions small pottes for the ketchin, and sundrie other such like trifles, although indede I had no greter store of them then I presentlie ocupied; and albeit this be not worthie the writing, yet mistrusting lest the misorder of some others in denieng of such like kind of stuf not ocupied by themselves, hath bene percase informed as towards me, I have thought good not to omit yt. Long tables formes, brasse for the ketchin, and all such necessaries as cold not be furnished by me, we toke order to provide in the towne; hanginges and beds we receved from the yeman of the wardrop at Richemond, and when we saw that naperie and shetes cold no where here be had, I sent word therof to the officers at the Courte, by wch menes we receved from my lord of Leceter 2 pair of fine shetes for the Cardinall, and from my lord Chamberlen, one pair of fine for the bushop, w^t^ 2 other courser pair, and order beside for x pair more from London. At wch time also becaus I wold be sure your L. shold be asserteined of the simplenes and scarsytie of such stuf as I had here, I sente a man of mine to the Courte, speciallie to declare to your L. that for plate, damaske naperie and fine shetes, I had none at all and for the reste of my stuf neither was it such as w^t^ honor nighte furnishe such a personage, nor yet had I any greter store therof then I presentlie ocupied, and he brought me this answer again from your L. that if I had it not I sold not lend it. And yet all things being thus provided for, and the diet for his L. being also prepared, I sente word therof to Mr. Kingesmele and therupon the next

daie in the morning about ix of the clocke the Cardinall came to Shene where I met and receved him almost a quarter of a mile from the hous, and when I had furste brought the Cardinall to his lodginge, and after the bushop to his, I thought good there to leve them to their repose. Thus having accomodated his L. as well as might be w^t^ so shorte a warning, I thought me self to have fullie performed the mening of your L. letters unto me; and becaus I had tidinges the daie before that a hous of mine in the countri by sodein chaunce of fire was burned, and also that my lord Sainte John had sente of his servantes into Sussex to kepe Courtes upon certein lands of mine claimed by his L. and being to the value of CC markes yerlie, and so to get from me the possession of them, I toke horse about v a clock in the after none, and rode the same night towarde thos places, where I founde so much of my hous burned as CC markes will not repaire; and I found also that my lord Seniohns men were even then about the bringing of their purpos to passe, in both wch matters after order taken, I returned to Shene imediatly. Nowe concerning the laste parte of your L. message, to wete that I shold deliver to the Cardinall the kaies of all the gates and doores, and to leve the whole hous to his plesure, yt may like your L. to understand that the occacōn of mine abode here hath bene by my mothers suffrance, who under her M. hath onlie had the order and keping of the hous, the fourth parte of wch hath not bene possest by me, but onlie such romes as of necessytie I was to crave the use of, and yet I paie the rent of xl markes yerlie to her M., and have bestowed alredy

sins my coming above xl^{li} in repairing thos roomes that were delivred unto me. The reste of the hous hath wholie remained in the custodie of my mother, and of my lord Dacres, who also by her permission had an other portion of the hous assined to him, but when her M. officers came furst hether, the kaies of all the whole hous were sent unto them both by my lord Seniohn and my lorde Dacres, and they toke their chois for the Cardinall aswell of them as of all such romes as I enjoied, of wch thei had the most parte to the Cardinal use, and assined me others in other places. But receving now from your L. her H. plesure, I will send present word therof to my lord Senjohn; and I me self also, although that poore household stuf I have for London, be for the most parte brought hether, and my whole provisōn of wine, fishe, wood, and cole laied in here alredie, yet wth as much spede as may be possible, the same shalbe removed, and I w^{t} my wief and familie will w^{t}in few daies departe to London. Thus most humblie beseching your L. to make reporte to her M., according to this my declaracōn, and that by your good L. humble sute yt may plese her M. the rather to judge of me as I have deserved in this matter, I most humblie take my leve. From Shene this xxxth of September 1568.

Your Lordshippes most humble
to commaunde,

T. Buckehurst.

To the right honorable the Lordes of her Maties Previe Councell be thes deliverede.

No. III.

I HAVE by the space of this month and more forborne to take phisik by reson of her Maties busines, and now having this only weke left for physik I am resolved to prevent siknes feling me self altogether distempred and filled w^t^ humors, so as if her M. shold mis me I besech you in respect hereof to excuse me.

At my last waiting upon her Matie I moved her M. for sining the bill for the deanery of Christ Church to Doctor Ravesse wherein if Her Matie shold not satisfie my humble sute being doon I protest to God for the good of the universitie and in discharge of my consciens and duty to the same, being Chauncelour therof, I wold humbly desire to give up the place, gaininge nothing therby but envie and infinite troble, and now to purchas also so grete a disgrace as not to be able so much to prevaile w^t^ Her Ma. as to nominate a worthy man for that hous of Christchurch being indede the gretest College of all the Unisitie, and most proper for me to recomend a sufficient man to her M. for the same being Chauncelour, but that others who have first prevailed against me in the preferment of Dr James shold now also overthrow my nominācon of D. Ravesse, were to make the whole Universitie to think that I can do nothing w^t^ her Matie and that others can do all. I may be bold to say to her M. that if ever a worthy man were reccomended to her M. this is he, for whom an Archbishop 3 Bishops 6 Deanes, 22 doctors and 3 other grave and lerned men have testified

that of there own knowleges he is a right honest man, very well lerned discrete sober, and wise, imploied often in good places, and generally reputed to be of grete integrity and good resolūcon, fit for Government, Thes be the true wordes of their letter on his behalf. The names of all thes I have annext to the bill, and I did show them to her M^tie this other day, and she red them all. I told her M. that I wold leave the bill w^t you to procure the sining therof, so as I make no dout but that she will at the first do it, and this long letter duly written only to inform you of the state of the caus, if happley her M. shold make any scruple.

29 May 1596 Your very lo. and assured frend,

T. Buckhurst.

In this College there are about 200 persons, who now remaine w^tout a hed and Governer, and mainy thinges of necessity to be doon by the Deane and not w^tout him, therfore her Ma. may not protract it w^tout much inconveniens.

To the right honorable my very good frend Sir Robert Cecill Knight of her Maj^ties honorable privy Counsell.

No. IV.

Sir,

I dout not that you have dealiverd to her Matie the humble and faithful desier of my hart to do her Matie any servis that is w^thin my power to performe, and that no travailes paines nor expences shold or can withdraw

me from undertaking the same, whereof if my former services abrode, the on in Frauns, the other in the low Countries, and all my dutifull desiers to do her highnes some acceptable services here at home, do not make sufficient testimonie for me and clere all doutes thereof in her Maties roiall hart towardes me, I have litle hope that any other servis future may obtain it, for my present state of body I protest before the Almighty God it is so far from health, as being alwaies subiect to rumes and coldes in the winter, and thereby forced to defend meself wth all warmth, and to flie the aier in moist or cold wethers. I have not ben fit for such a iourney as this in this winter time, no not in my best health, and much les now, being possessed with an extreame cold, and the rume and the cough go increasing upon me, as I take not rest above 2 or 3 houres in the night at the most. Of thes things I thought to advertis you to the end her Matie may know the same, and not to expect that state of body or ability in me, the wch I fele and know is far from me. And thus beseeching the lord to preserve her Matie in all helth & roialle felicities even to her own roiall heartes desier

I end this 9 of December 1596

Your very lo: frend

T. Buckehurst.

To the right honorable my very good frend Mr Secretary Cecille, be theas dlr.

No. V.

Sir,

This enclosed letter came to me this forenone, about xi of the clock. By this you may se that the Governour of Diepe landed at Newhaven in Sussex yesterday, being thursday in the afternone having wth him a 100 persons and lodged the same night at Lewis and purposed to be gon the next day, being this friday morning by 5 of the clock. This Gentleman Mr Shurley being a Justis of peace I dout not but will do his best to acomodate him, but I fear he will be forced to tary at Lewis longer than his apointed time of departure before a 100 horse can be there upon such a sodain provided for him. I have therefore sent away now presently my messenger wth on letter to Sir Walter Covert who is the next deputy lieftenant dwelling nere Lewis to assemble as many of the Gentlemen as he can & to repair unto him & do him all the honor he can by attending upon him and seeing him furnished wth all his desieres as much as he can performe for him. And I have sent one other letter to Grinsted Town in Sussex wch is 14 miles from Lewis & is the next Town in which he must either renew his horses or lodge all night —written to the Constables there (for there is no justice nere by 7 miles) to se him and his trains furnished wth horses and all things he shall desier fit for him. This is all that can be doon by me upon this sodain. What farder is to be doon by any to mete him from thens or in Surrey where my lord admirall comandes onlie you ar to consider. His way from Lewis to London is thus:—

Sussex. From Lewis to Est Grinsted, a very good towne, able to receive him — 14. miles

Surrey. From Est Grinsted to Godstone therein are only 2 Innes and not above 5 or 6 houses besides — 7. miles

Surrey. From Godstone to Croydon — 7. miles*

Surrey. From Croidon to London — 7. miles

* The lord admiral must write to the Justices there abountes to caus horses to be provided for him, and that Gentlemen do mete him in such sorte as he will direct.

In hast this 18 of April 1600.

Your very loving frend

T. Buchurst.

I have ben this night by my yesterdaies going upon the water so extremely afflicted wth the cold as all this night I did nothing but cough, so as this morning I sent for D^r^. Barmesdale and D^r^. Smith my phisician by whos advise I have this morning taken physick & cannot come abrode these 3 or 4 daies at the lowest.

Hereof I besech you let her Ma. know becaus sh comanded me to be at the Court on Satturday wch I can not now doe.

To the right honorable Mr. Secretary Cecil be theas geven.

No. VI.

[The following letter seems to refer to the taking of a Spanish treasure-ship, called a carrack, by Sir R. Levison and Sir W. Mounson, valued at a million of ducats.]

Good Mr. Secretary,

Your good newes brought unto me a doble ioy, on that God doth thus continually so gretly bles her Matie with such worthy fortunes over her Enemies, and w^th^all bringing so gret a benefit to herself, The other that it pleased her Matie so graciously to impart the same to me, to whom I may truly say it is more welcome then & which yt can possibly be to any other, sins to our endles and exhausting expences we may yet thus find some comfortable meanes of support. I had deasier to have come presently to her Ma. and meself in person to have rendered most humble thankes for so Gracious an advertisement, but I assure you her Ma. busines and services will not suffer it. I besech you therefore performe this office for me & render all humble thankes to her Matie for the same, the good newes that I can send her Ma. is, that God doth evermore fight for her, and confound her enemies, that her loiall subjects do make it their ioy & comfort to desier to live & dy in her servis, And that we her pore servantes here do spare no paines nor travels to farther her Maj. benefits, And even when the messenger brought Your ioifull letter unto me he found my Chamber full of Barons, Judges, all her Maj^ties^ attornies and many other

of her officers we all laboring to advance her Maj^ties^ revenues with the yerely profit of many thousandes, Thus I rest

Your very loving &
17 June 1602 assured frend
T. Buchurst.

To the Right Honorable Mr. Secretary Cecill be theas geaven.

No. VII.

I am newly returned from visiting my sick daughter at Cowdrey & now I am going to se how the Carik goods ar discharged from the ships & laid up in ledenhall, the wch ons acomplished I meane to write to my lord admirall yourself & the Chauncelour that we all together may visite the state of thes goods & so take farder order for the disposing thereof to her Maties best benefitt. In the meane while I purpos to make a step into Sussex for some 5 or 6 days where I have not bene but on or 2 days these 5 yeares.

And now I must desire you humbly on my behalf to move her Maj. in a sute wch I hope her Matie will think both reasonable right and charitable, for the better understanding whereof I must pray you to geve me leave to use some little preface to the matter.

There hath ben beyond seas for recovery of his helth by her Maties Gracious licens at Port Amouson in Germany on of my soons* thes 3 yeares, her Matie will remember him by the token that of all the children I had

* Henry, his second son.

he was the finest and comliest boy in nature wth such a rare curld hed as her Matie pleased to take a very special liking of him, but such was his misfortune as in a very grete & extreame sicknes he fell into a litargie sins wch time from a litargie he hath fallen into a distraction of his senses, as for his cure by practise of physik and otherwise in England and abrode he hath cost me above 2000ls. But now having bene for his recovery thes 2 yeares in Germany where I was put in hope that some good effect shold have folowed, I have about a month past receved certain advertisement that after all my cost & charges & so long a time consumed he is rather wors than better, and so no hope of any good to come from that place, wherefore now I am resolved to send him to Padoa where I will comit him to a counsell of phisicians, heare being assured that if by the skill & knowledge of physik he be to be cured that place above all the world doth yeld the most rare & excelent phisicians to performe it.

The time for his travell to this place of Padoa is now betwixt this & Michelmas. And for that my soon Thomas Sacvill * who is so much devoted to the wars of

* This Thomas Sackville, fourth son of Lord Buckhurst, who so much distinguished himself in the Turkish wars, is buried in the Sackville Chapel at Withyham. On his coffin is as follows: CORPUS PRENOBILIS THOME SACKVILE ARMIGERI QUARTOGENITI FILII THOME COMITIS DORSESTRIÆ MAGNI THESAURARII ANGLIE &C. NATI 25° DIE MAII ANNO DOMINI 1571, OBIIT 28° AUGUSTI 1646, EXPECTANS RESURRECTIONEM FIDELIUM ET JUSTORUM IN ET PER JESUM CHRISTUM DOMINUM NOSTRUM.—See *Historical Notices of Withyham*, London, 1857.

Hungary, hearing now of such preparācions by the Turk against the next somer doth again desire to put himself into that servis, as also for that by reason of a fall wch he had from his horse in the campe at his last being there he hath had a long pain wch now thankes be to God is much lesned, but not fully cured, and is put in grete assurans that by the bathes of Padoa the same will be thereby recovered, therefore he is willing at my desier to pas to that place of Germany where his brother is, and so from thens to be his conductour unto Padoa as well for his brother's cure there as for his own, and so from thens to pas to the Emperor's Court and there to remain this winter, from whens he will from time to time advertis me of such occurrents as there ar to be had, and by reason of his good acquaintance and knowledge wth divers of the best sort in that Court, by reson of his long folowing of thes wars, being also well knowen to the Emperor himself, and by her Maties formour Gracious letters of recommendacīon to his Matie on his behalf well knowen unto him, he douteth not but to be able to advertis very good ocurrents as they shall happen from time to time unto me.

So as now Mr. Secretary for that his former licens is nere expiracīon my harty desier unto you is that on my behalf you will with all humblenes move her Matie for her gracious licens unto him to pas into Germany for thes Turkish wars for 2 yeares more, and by that time I hope he will be satisfied if not surfeted wth his desier of this Turkish war, and be able to serve her Matie wch is my only hope and desier that he may therein both spen

and end his lief as some recompens and satisfaction to her Matie for that infinite bond of dett and dutie, wch both I and al mine do owe unto her Matie. I besech you Sir so sone as you may conveniently to move her Matie for this her most Gracious licens of Travel for thes 2 yeares unto him, for he must bring his brother from Port Amouson to Padoa by Michelmas at the fardest unto wch it is 10 daies travel and unto Port Amouson from Paris is 8. and therfore Quod facis fac cito.

this 20 of August 1602

Horseley.

Yours assured

T. Buchurst.

To the right honorable Mr. Secretary Cecill be theas dealivered.

No. VIII.

My very good Lord,

You shall never nede to excuse to me either your hasty or slow writing (my assurans of and to you is and ever shall be such as it nedes no complements). My Lord Keeper and me self do purpos to morow to ride to Windsor, and the next being Thursday to find out the King & Quenes Matie at the place of driving, the caus is theare to do our duties to the Quene the prince, and princesse, all the world flieing before hand to se her. Now if our resolucōn be not good, but that any cours for us be better, then I pray you advise us, and we when you ar to come into the Chauncery or Checquer will then advise you & in this we will folow your advise, the whole

end of our purpose and desier is to do our duties to the Quene and prince before she come to Windsor

So I rest as you know

Ever yours

T. Buchurst.

This Tuseday 1603.

I pray you vouchsafe a few lines by the bearer if you have leisure, if not these by word of mouth unto him.

To the right honorable the lord Cecill be these dealivered.

No. IX.

I forbore to come in to you becaus ceremonies shold not troble you. I have nothing but to salute you, to tel you that your letter for the lease of St. John's in Oxford is according to my desier with a most effectual and just answer, such as if that satisfie not the partie nothing will, I go now to Horsely thens to Knole where I was not but ons in the first beginning all the yere, whens for 3 or 4 daies to Buchurst where I was not these 7 yeres, I will not faile to be at Hampton Court, but to be at Windsor I hope I nede not, only my sute and hope in you is that except ther be necessary caus I be not sent for, and if ther be willingly upon your letter I come at midnight. I pray to God for your helth as for mine own and so rest

Ever yours

4 Sepr. 1605 T. Dorset.

Dorset hous

To the right honorable my very good lord the Erle of Salsbury.

No. X.

After my verie heartie comēndacions; Although with my great comfort I must acknowledge that there are many in your University, bothe for their excellent Learning and rare virtues worthy to be Governours amongst you: To everie of whom I wish noe lesse good then they themselves can desire; yet consideringe that in soe great varietie, all cannot be conveniently preferred to the office of Vice Chancellor, as well because that some are unwilling to sustain the burdens and charge thereof, as also for that some are altogether unprovided of many economical things, necessary to such a Magistrate, I would not that any man should deem the worse, either of himself or of me, if acording to his desert in his due time he hath not been commended to the said office, wherein since first I became your Chancellor, according to my best skill and understanding I have ever placed those whom I not only know to be most enabled for their learning and discretion in Government, but also such as by credible information I understand to be in other worldly respects most fitly accomodated thereunto: with which motives induced upon the ending of M^{r}. Doctor Ayrayes Vice-Chancellorship (which never any man undertook and discharged with more credit than he hath done) I do for this next year ensuing appoint my loving friend M^{r}. Doctor King his Maj^{s} Chaplain & Dean of Christ Church to supply that place, To whom & to my self I pray you all to become obedient and

assistant so far forth as the private or the public weal shall require: In doing whereof you shall make me very much beholding unto you, as best knoweth the Almighty, unto whose most merciful protection I commend you all From Dorset House this xxxth of June 1607.

Your very loving friend and Chancellor

T. Dorset.

No. XI.

[Preamble of the Will of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, &c.]

The Eternal God of Heaven and Earthe, the Father, the Sonne, and the Holie Ghoste, guyde and prosper this myne Intent and Purpose; which in theire Name, I here take in Hand, and begynne; because that is a Truthe infallible, suche as every Christian oughte not onlie perfectlye to knowe, and steadfastlie beleve, but also continually to meditate and think upon; Namely, That we are born to dye; that nothing in this Worlde ys more certeyn then Deathe, nothing more incerteyne then the Hower of Deathe, and that noe Creature livinge knoweth neither when, where, nor howe it shall please Almightie God to call hym out of this Mortal life, so as here we live every Hower, naye, every Instant, a thousande wayes subject to the suddayne Stroake of Deathe, which oughte to terrifie, teache and warne us to make ourselves readye, as well in the Preparation of our Soules to God, as by the Disposition of all our Earthlie Fortunes to the Worlde, whensoever yt shall please the Heavenlie Power

to call us from this miserable and transitorye Life, unto that blessed and everlastinge Life to come; Therefore, I Sir Thomas Sacville, of the Noble Order of the Garter, Knighte, Baron of Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, and Lord High Treasurer of England beyng, at this present, Thanks be to Almightie God, in sounde and perfect Healthe, bothe of Bodie and Mynde, do here ordayne, constitute, and make this my present last Will and Testament, the Eleaventh Daye of August, in the Yere of oure Lord God One thousand sixe hundred and seaven, in Manner and Forme followinge: First, therefore, as a Living Creature most bound thereunto, I here throwe down, and prostrate myself in all Humilitie and Thankfulness at the Foote of my Creator, Redeemer, and Saviour, rendering unto his Divine Majestie, my most lowelie, hartie, and infinite Thankes, in that he hathe vouchsafed to create me a Man, endewed and enfused with Soule and Reason, and fashion'd like unto the Image of his owne eaternall Sonne, that mighte have made me a Bruitish and Soulelesse Beaste, to have fedd and grazed upon the Earthe, like unto those irrational living Creatures of the Field, but, speciallie, in that he hath pleased to make me a Christian Man, whereby in this Life I may joye and rejoyce with the Sounde and Badge of that Glorious Name: And when I go from hence, I may thereby, and thorough the Mercys and Goodness of Jesus Christe, departe, and dye in Assurance and Comforte of my Soule's and Bodie's Salvation and Resurrection, and to rest at his Right Hand, in the Fruition of those Cœlestial and Unspeakable Joyes, and Blessed-

ness that never shall have end. To Hym therefore, my most Merciful and Omnipotent God, and into the Hands of his inexplicable and eaternall Goodness I give, will, and bequeathe my Soule firmely and assuredlie trustinge, believing, and freelie confessinge, that by the Deathe and Passion of his Sonne Jesus Christe, and by his onlie Mercy, Mean, and Mediation for me, and by none other, and not by any good Worke or Merit of myne own (although I must acknowledge that I am bound, upon Payne of Damnation, to doe as manye good Workes as possiblye I can, or may; All which, when I have done yet am I but an Unprofitable Servante, and a Synneful Creature, full of all Iniquitie:) I shall live and partake with his Sainctes, in his Heavenlie Kingdome of thaeaternall and inexplicable Blisse and Happiness which hhath prepared for his Elect, of which Number, thorough his infinite Mercy and Goodness, I do confidentlie and stedfastlie hope, knowe, and beleve, that I am one. And my Will is, That my Bodie be buried in the Church of Withiam in Sussex, Namelie, Within the Isle and Chapel there appropriate to the SACKVILLES my Ancestors, and with, and amongest the rest of my Progenitors there Interred.

NOTICES OF VARIOUS EDITIONS.

THE Tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex* has passed through several editions.

The first edition was published surreptitiously, under the title of *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*, by William Griffith, in 1565. It has many incorrect readings, and must be considered as spurious. In the title the three first Acts are attributed to Thomas Norton. It is unnecessary to enter upon the question, which has been so often argued, relative to the share which Norton had in the composition of this Play. I would rather rest upon the internal evidence which it affords to the unity of authorship; but I may add the words of Warton:[1] "Thomas Nor-" ton's poetry is of a very different and a subordinate " cast; and if we may judge from his share in our " metrical Psalmody, he seems to have been much more " properly qualified to shine in the miserable mediocrity " of Sternhold's stanza, and to write spiritual rhymes

[1] English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 370. 1781.

" for the solace of his illuminated brethren, than to " reach the bold and impassioned elevation of tragedy."

The second and authorized edition was printed in small 8vo. in 1570-1, and contains 31 leaves: *Imprinted at London by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate.* This edition was revised and corrected by the Author.

A third edition was printed in 1590, again under the title of *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*, but not an exact copy of Griffith's edition; and although Mr. Spence says it went " through other editions," I am not able to discover any till that which was printed by Dodsley for Mr. Pope in 1736, with the Preface by Mr. Spence. It was again printed by Mr. Dodsley, in his " Old Plays," in 1744, and is given in Hawkins's " Origin of the English Drama," in 1773, after the first authorized edition. It appeared also among the " Poetical Works of Thomas Sackville," printed by Chapple, London, 1820, following chiefly the authorized edition of 1570-1.

A reprint of the first edition, by Griffith, was carefully done, in 1847, for the " Shakespeare Society;" but it is to be regretted that the learned Editor should have selected this in preference to the first authorized edition, which I have now the pleasure of once more reproducing in the following pages.

R. W. S-W.

¶ The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex,

ſet forth withovt addition or alteration but altogether as the ſame was ſhewed on ſtage before the Qveenes Maieſtie abovt nine yeares past vz. the xviii. day of Janvarie 1561. by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple.

Seen and allowed &c.

Imprinted at London by John Daye, dwelling over Alderſgate.

THE TRAGEDY OF

FERREX AND PORREX,

IN FIVE ACTS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDY.

GORBODUC, King of Britain, divided his realm in his life time to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to dissention. The younger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

GORBODUC, *King of* GREAT BRITAIN.

VIDENA, *Queen, and wife to King* GORBODUC.

FERREX, *Elder son to King* GORBODUC.

PORREX, *Younger son to King* GORBODUC.

CLOTYN, *Duke of* CORNWALL.

FERGUS, *Duke of* ALBANY.

MANDUD, *Duke of* LOEGRIS.

GWENARD, *Duke of* CUMBERLAND.

EUBULUS, *Secretary to the King.*

AROSTUS, *a Counsellor to the King.*

DORDAN, *a Counsellor assigned by the King to his eldest son,* FERREX.

PHILANDER, *a Counsellor assigned by the King to his youngest son,* PORREX.

Both being of the old king's council before.

HERMON, *a Parasite remaining with* FERREX.

TYNDAR, *a Parasite remaining with* PORREX.

NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of the elder brother's death.*

NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of Duke Fergus rising in arms*

MARCELLA, *a Lady of the Queen's privy-chamber.*

CHORUS, *four ancient and sage men of* BRITAIN.

THE TRAGEDY OF FERREX AND PORREX.

THE ORDER OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIRST ACT, AND THE SIGNIFICATION THEREOF.

First, the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his neck a fagot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strength to break; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them pulled out one of the sticks, and brake it: and the rest plucking out all the other sticks, one after another, did easily break them, the same being severed; which being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all

force, but being divided, is easily destroyed; as befel upon Duke Gorboduc dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy; and upon the dissention of the brethren, to whom it was divided.

ACT I. Scene I.

VIDENA. FERREX.

Videna.

THE silent night that brings the quiet pause
From painful travails of the weary day,
Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame
The slow *Aurore*, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to show her blushing face,
And now the day renews my griefful plaint.

Fer. My gracious lady, and my mother dear,
Pardon my grief for your so grieved mind
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart.

Vid. So great a wrong and so unjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kind![1]

[1] *Kind*—nature.

Fer. Such causeless wrong and so unjust despite,
May have redress, or, at the least, revenge.

Vid. Neither, my son; such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mishap and thine.

Fer. Mine know I none, but grief for your distress.

Vid. Yes; mine for thine, my son. A father? no:
In kind a father, not in kindliness.

Fer. My Father? why, I know nothing at all,
Wherein I have misdone unto his grace.

Vid. Therefore, the more unkind to thee and me.
For, knowing well, my son, the tender love
That I have ever borne, and bear to thee;
He grieved thereat, is not content alone,
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefest joy,
But thee, of thy birth-right and heritage,
Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,
Against all law and right, he will bereave:
Half of his kingdom he will give away.

Fer. To whom?

Vid. Even to *Porrex*, his younger son;
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,
That, being rais'd to equal rule with thee,
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell,
Fill'd with disdain and with ambitious hope.

The end the gods do know, whose altars I
Full oft have made in vain of cattle slain
To send the sacred smoke to Heaven's throne,
For thee, my son, if things do so succeed,
As now my jealous mind misdeemeth sore.

Fer. Madam, leave care and careful plaint for me.
Just hath my father been to every wight:
His first injustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that give no cause thereof;
My brother's pride shall hurt himself, not me.

Vid. So grant the gods! But yet, thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved mind,
That plaints and prayers can no whit avail;
For those have I assay'd, but even this day
He will endeavour to procure assent
Of all his council to his fond devise.

Fer. Their ancestors from race to race have borne
True faith to my forefathers and their seed:
I trust they eke[1] will bear the like to me.

Vid. There resteth all. But if they fail thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill success,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I pray the gods requite it them;

[1] *Eke*—also.

And so they will, for so is wont to be,
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,
To please the present fancy of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governance,
Murders, mischief, and civil sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right succeeding line returns again,
By *Jove's* just judgment and deserved wrath,
Brings them to cruel and reproachful death,
And roots their names and kindreds from the earth.

Fer. Mother, content you, you shall see the end.

Vid. The end! thy end I fear: *Jove* end me first!

ACT I. SCENE II.

GORBODUC. AROSTUS. PHILANDER. EUBULUS.

Gor. My lords, whose grave advice and faithful aid
Have long upheld my honour and my realm,
And brought me to this age from tender years,
Guiding so great estate with great renown:
Now more importeth me, than erst[1] to use
Your faith and wisdom, whereby yet I reign;

[1] *Erst*—formerly.

That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
The kingdom yet may with unbroken course
Have certain prince, by whose undoubted right
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay;
And eke that they, whom nature hath prepared,
In time to take my place in princely seat,
While in their father's time their pliant youth
Yields to the frame of skilful governance,
May so be taught and trained in noble arts,
As what their fathers, which have reigned before,
Have with great fame derived down to them,
With honour they may leave unto their seed;
And not be thought, for their unworthy life,
And for their lawless swerving out of kind,
Worthy to lose what law and kind them gave;
But that they may preserve the common peace,
The cause that first began and still maintains
The lineal course of kings' inheritance,
For me, for mine, for you, and for the state
Whereof both I and you have charge and care.
Thus do I mean to use your wonted faith
To me and mine, and to your native land.
My lords, be plain without all wry respect,
Or poisonous craft to speak in pleasing wise,

Lest as the blame of ill succeeding things
Shall light on you, so light the harms also.

Aros. Your good acceptance so, most noble king,
Of such our faithfulness, as heretofore
We have employed in duties to your grace,
And to this realm, whose worthy head you are,
Well proves, that neither you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall need in boasting wise to show
Our truth to you, nor yet our wakeful care
For you, for yours, and for our native land.
Wherefore, O king, I speak as one for all,
Sith all as one do bear you equal faith:
Doubt not to use our counsels and our aids,
Whose honours, goods, and lives are whole avow'd,
To serve, to aid, and to defend your grace.

Gor. My lords, I thank you all. This is the case:
Ye know, the gods, who have the sovereign care
For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weals,
Gave me two sons in my more lusty age,
Who now, in my decaying years, are grown
Well towards riper state of mind and strength,
To take in hand some greater princely charge.
As yet they live and spend their hopeful days
With me, and with their mother, here in court.

Their age now asketh other place and trade,
And mine also doth ask another change,
Theirs to more travail, mine to greater ease.
When fatal death shall end my mortal life,
My purpose is to leave unto them twain,
The realm divided in two sundry parts:
The one, *Ferrex*, mine elder son, shall have,
The other, shall the younger, *Porrex*, rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly stand,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I mean forthwith to place them in the same;
That in my life they may both learn to rule,
And I may joy to see their ruling well.
This is, in sum, what I would have you weigh:
First, whether ye allow my whole devise,
And think it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our country, mother of us all:
And if ye like it and allow it well,
Then, for their guiding and their governance,
Show forth such means of circumstance,
As ye think meet to be both known and kept.
Lo, this is all; now tell me your advice.

Aros. And this is much, and asketh great advice:
But for my part, my sovereign lord and king,

This do I think: Your majesty doth know,
How under you, in justice and in peace,
Great wealth and honour long we have enjoy'd:
So as we cannot seem with greedy minds
To wish for change of prince or governance:
But if we like your purpose and devise,
Our liking must be deemed to proceed
Of rightful reason, and of heedful care,
Not for ourselves, but for the common state,
Sith our own state doth need no better change.
I think in all as erst your grace hath said:
First, when you shall unload your aged mind
Of heavy care and troubles manifold,
And lay the same upon my lords, your sons,
Whose growing years may bear the burden long,
(And long I pray the gods to grant it so)
And in your life, while you shall so behold
Their rule, their virtues, and their noble deeds,
Such as their kind behighteth[1] to us all,
Great be the profits that shall grow thereof;
Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
Your lasting age shall be their longer stay.
For cares of kings, that rule as you have rul'd,

[1] *Behight*—to promise.

For public wealth, and not for private joy,
Do waste man's life and hasten crooked age,
With furrowed face, and with enfeebled limbs,
To draw on creeping death a swifter pace.
They two, yet young, shall bear the parted reign
With greater ease than one, now old, alone
Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is
With lessened strength the double weight to bear.
Your eye, your counsel, and the grave regard
Of father, yea, of such a father's name,
Now at beginning of their sundred reign,
When is the hazard of their whole success,
Shall bridle so their force of youthful heats,
And so restrain the rage of insolence,
Which most assails the young and noble minds,
And so shall guide and train in temper'd stay
Their yet green bending wits with reverend awe,
As now inur'd with virtues at the first,
Custom, O king, shall bring delightfulness,
By use of virtue, vice shall grow in hate.
But if you so dispose it, that the day
Which ends your life, shall first begin their reign,
Great is the peril, what will be the end,
When such beginning of such liberties,

Void of such stays as in your life do lie,
Shall leave them free to random of their will,
An open prey to traiterous flattery,
The greatest pestilence of noble youth:
Which peril shall be past, if in your life,
Their temper'd youth with aged father's awe
Be brought in ure[1] of skilful stayedness;
And in your life, their lives disposed so
Shall length your noble life in joyfulness.
Thus think I that your grace hath wisely thought,
And that your tender care of common weal
Hath bred this thought, so to divide your land,
And plant your sons to bear the present rule,
While you yet live to see their ruling well,
That you may longer live by joy therein.
What further means behooveful are and meet,
At greater leisure may your grace devise,
When all have said, and when we be agreed
If this be best, to part the realm in twain,
And place your sons in present government:
Whereof, as I have plainly said my mind,
So would I hear the rest of all my lords.

Phil. In part I think as hath been said before;

[1] *Ure*—use, practice.

In part, again, my mind is otherwise.
As for dividing of this realm in twain,
And lotting out the same in equal parts
To either of my lords, your grace's sons,
That think I best for this your realm's behoof,
For profit and advancement of your sons,
And for your comfort and your honour eke:
But so to place them while your life do last,
To yield to them your royal governance,
To be above them only in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I think not good for you, for them, nor us.
This kingdom, since the bloody civil field
Where *Morgan* slain did yield his conquer'd part
Unto his cousin's sword in *Camberland*,[1]
Containeth all that whilom did suffice
Three noble sons of your forefather *Brute;*
So your two sons it may suffice also,
The more the stronger, if they 'gree in one.

[1] The event here alluded to is recorded in the History of *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, b. II. c. 15. *Morgan* and *Cunedagius*, who were cousins, and nephews of *Cordeilla* Queen of Britain, having forcibly taken possession of the kingdom, divided it between themselves. *Morgan*, in his attempt afterwards to obtain the sole government, was slain by *Cunedagius*.

The smaller compass that the realm doth hold,
The easier is the sway thereof to wield,
The nearer justice to the wronged poor,
The smaller charge, and yet enough for one.
And when the region is divided so
That brethren be the lords of either part,
Such strength doth nature knit between them both,
In sundry bodies by conjoined love,
That, not as two, but one of doubled force,
Each is to other as a sure defence:
The nobleness and glory of the one
Doth sharp the courage of the other's mind,
With virtuous envy to contend for praise.
And such an equalness hath nature made
Between the brethren of one father's seed,
As an unkindly wrong it seems to be,
To throw the brother subject under feet
Of him, whose peer he is by course of kind;
And Nature, that did make this equalness,
Oft so repineth at so great a wrong,
That oft she raiseth up a grudging grief
In younger brethren at the elder's state:
Whereby both towns and kingdoms have been rased,
And famous stocks of royal blood destroyed:

The brother, that should be the brother's aid,
And have a wakeful care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, and blames the lingering years
That draw not forth his end with faster course;
And, oft impatient of so long delays,
With hateful slaughter he prevents the fates,
And heaps a just reward for brother's blood,
With endless vengeance on his stock for aye.
Such mischiefs here are wisely met withal;
If equal state may nourish equal love,
Where none hath cause to grudge at other's good.
But now the head to stoop beneath them both,
Ne kind, ne reason, ne good order bears.
And oft it hath been seen, where nature's course
Hath been perverted in disordered wise,
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
The children cease to know they should obey;
And often over kindly tenderness
Is mother of unkindly stubbornness.
I speak not this in envy or reproach,
As if I grudg'd the glory of your sons,
Whose honour I beseech the gods increase:
Nor yet as if I thought there did remain
So filthy cankers in their noble breasts,

Whom I esteem (which is their greatest praise)
Undoubted children of so good a king.
Only I mean to show by certain rules,
Which kind hath graft within the mind of man,
That Nature hath her order and her course,
Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state
Of minds and things, ev'n in the best of all.
My lords, your sons, may learn to rule of you,
Your own example in your noble court
Is fittest guider of their youthful years.
If you desire to see some present joy
By sight of their well ruling in your life,
See them obey, so shall you see them rule:
Who so obeyeth not with humbleness
Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
Long may they rule, I do beseech the gods,
Long[1] may they learn, ere they begin to rule.
If kind and fates would suffer, I would wish
Them aged princes, and immortal kings.
Wherefore, most noble king, I well assent
Between your sons that you divide your realm,
And as in kind, so match them in degree.
But while the gods prolong your royal life,
Prolong your reign; for thereto live you here,

[1] But long.—*Edit.* 1570.

And therefore have the gods so long forborne
To join you to themselves, that still you might
Be prince and father of our common weal.
They, when they see your children ripe to rule,
Will make them room, and will remove you hence,
That yours, in right ensuing of your life,
May rightly honour your immortal name.

Eub. Your wonted true regard of faithful hearts
Makes me, O king, the bolder to presume
To speak what I conceive within my breast;
Although the same do not agree at all
With that which other here my lords have said,
Nor which yourself have seemed best to like.
Pardon I crave, and that my words be deem'd
To flow from hearty zeal unto your grace,
And to the safety of your common weal.
To part your realm unto my lords, your sons,
I think not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worst of all for this our native land.
Within one land, one single rule is best;
Divided reigns do make divided hearts;
But peace preserves the country and the prince.
Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,
So great is his desire to climb aloft,

n worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,
hat faith and justice, and all kindly love,
o yield unto desire of sovereignty,
Where equal state doth raise an equal hope
To win the thing that either would attain.
our grace remembereth how in passed years,
he mighty *Brute*, first prince of all this land,[1]
ossess'd the same, and rul'd it well in one:
le, thinking that the compass did suffice
or his three sons three kingdoms eke to make,
ut it in three, as you would now in twain.
ut how much *British* blood hath since been spilt,
o join again the sunder'd unity!
What princes slain before their timely hour!
What waste of towns and people in the land!
What treasons heap'd on murders and on spoils!
Whose just revenge ev'n yet is scarcely ceas'd,
uthful remembrance is yet raw in mind.
The gods forbid the like to chance again:
nd you, O king, give not the cause thereof.
y lord *Ferrex*, your elder son, perhaps
Whom kind and custom gives a rightful hope
o be your heir, and to succeed your reign)

[1] See *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, book I.

Shall think that he doth suffer greater wrong
Than he perchance will bear, if power serve.
Porrex, the younger, so uprais'd in state,
Perhaps in courage will be rais'd also.
If flattery then, which fails not to assail
The tender minds of yet unskilful youth,
In one shall kindle and increase disdain,
And envy in the other's heart inflame,
This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,
And ruthful ruin shall destroy them both.
I wish not this, O king, so to befall,
But fear the thing, that I do most abhor.
Give no beginning to so dreadful end,
Keep them in order and obedience,
And let them both by now obeying you,
Learn such behaviour as beseems their state;
The elder, mildness in his governance,
The younger, a yielding contentedness.
And keep them near unto your presence still,
That they, restrained by the awe of you,
May live in compass of well temper'd stay,
And pass the perils of their youthful years.
Your aged life draws on to feebler time,
Wherein you shall less able be to bear

The travails that in youth you have sustain'd,
Both in your person's and your realm's defence.
If planting now your sons in further parts,
You send them further from your present reach,
Less shall you know how they themselves demean:
Traiterous corrupters of their pliant youth
Shall have unspied a much more free access;
And if ambition and inflam'd disdain
Shall arm the one, the other, or them both,
To civil war, or to usurping pride,
Late shall you rue that you ne reck'd[1] before.
Good is I grant of all to hope the best,
But not to live still dreadless of the worst.
So trust the one that th' other be foreseen.
Arm not unskilfulness with princely power.
But you that long have wisely rul'd the reins
Of royalty within your noble realm,
So hold them, while the gods, for our avails,
Shall stretch the thread of your prolonged days.
Too soon he clomb into the flaming car,
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.
Time, and example of your noble Grace,
Shall teach your sons both to obey and rule.

[1] *Reck*—to heed, to care for.

When time hath taught them, time shall make them
place,
The place that now is full: and so I pray
Long it remain, to comfort of us all.
Gor. I take your faithful hearts in thankful part:
But sith I see no cause to draw my mind,
To fear the nature of my loving sons,
Or to misdeem that envy or disdain
Can there work hate, where nature planteth love;
In one self purpose do I still abide.
My love extendeth equally to both,
My land sufficeth for them both also.
Humber shall part the marches of their realms:
The southern part the elder shall possess,
The northern shall *Porrex*, the younger, rule.
In quiet I will pass mine aged days,
Free from the travail, and the painful cares,
That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.
But lest the fraud, that ye do seem to fear,
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
And writhe them to the ways of youthful lust,
To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their careful charge
Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,

Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,
Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,
To tread down truth, or favour false deceit;
I mean to join to either of my sons
Some one of those, whose long approved faith
And wisdom tried, may well assure my heart,
That mining fraud shall find no way to creep
Into their fenced ears with grave advice.
This is the end; and so I pray you all
To bear my sons the love and loyalty
That I have found within your faithful breasts.

Aros. You, nor your sons, my sovereign lord, shall want
Our faith and service, while our hearts do last.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

When settled stay doth hold the royal throne
In steadfast place, by known and doubtless right,
And chiefly when descent on one alone
Makes single and unparted reign to light;
Each change of course unjoints the whole estate,
And yields it thrall to ruin by debate.

The strength that knit by fast accord in one,
Against all foreign power of mighty foes,

Could of itself defend itself alone,
  Disjoined once, the former force doth lose.
The sticks, that sunder'd brake so soon in twain,
In fagot bound attempted were in vain.

Oft tender mind that leads the partial eye
  Of erring parents in their children's love,
Destroys the wrongly loved child thereby.
  This doth the proud son of *Apollo* prove,
Who, rashly set in chariot of his sire,
Inflam'd the parched earth with heaven's fire.

And this great king that doth divide his land,
  And change the course of his descending crown,
And yields the reign into his children's hand,
  From blissful state of joy and great renown,
A mirror shall become to princes all,
To learn to shun the cause of such a fall.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE SECOND ACT.

First, the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up unto him a cup of wine in a glass, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman, and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art; so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, ne yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled

with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words beareth deadly poison, which destroyeth the prince that receiveth it. As befel in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.

ACT II. SCENE I.

FERREX. HERMON. DORDAN.

Ferrex.

MARVEL much what reason led the king,
My father, thus, without all my desert,
To reave me half the kingdom, which by course
Of law and nature should remain to me.

Her. If you with stubborn and untamed pride
Had stood against him in rebelling wise;
Or if, with grudging mind, you had envied
So slow a sliding of his aged years;
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of fatal death upon his royal head;
Or stain'd your stock with murder of your kin;

Some face of reason might perhaps have seem'd
To yield some likely cause to spoil ye thus.

Fer. The wreakful gods pour on my cursed head
Eternal plagues and never-dying woes,
The hellish prince adjudge my damned ghost
To *Tantale's* thirst, or proud *Ixion's* wheel,
Or cruel Gripe[1] to gnaw my growing heart,
To during torments and unquenched flames,
If ever I conceiv'd so foul a thought,
To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

Dor. Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,
Did ever think so foul a thing of you;
For he, with more than father's tender love,
While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,
(Who long might live to see your ruling well)
To you, my lord, and to his other son,
Lo, he resigns his realm and royalty;
Which never would so wise a prince have done,
If he had once misdeem'd that in your heart
There ever lodged so unkind a thought.
But tender love, my lord, and settled trust
Of your good nature, and your noble mind,
Made him to place you thus in royal throne,

[1] *Gripe*—Griffin.

And now to give you half his realm to guide;
Yea, and that half which, in abounding store
Of things that serve to make a wealthy realm,
In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,
In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
In things of needful use, which friendly sea
Transports by traffic from the foreign parts,
In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,
Doth pass the double value of the part
That *Porrex* hath allotted to his reign.
Such is your case, such is your father's love.

Fer. Ah love, my friends! Love wrongs not whom he loves.

Dor. Ne yet he wrongeth you, that giveth you
So large a reign, ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdom by descended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Fer. Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
My native right of half so great a realm,
And thus to match his younger son with me
In equal pow'r, and in as great degree?
Yea, and what son? The son whose swelling pride
Would never yield one point of reverence,
When I the elder and apparent heir

Stood in the likelihood to possess the whole;
Yea, and that son which from his childish age
Envieth mine honour, and doth hate my life.
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindful malice of his grudging heart
Is arm'd with force, with wealth, and kingly state?

Her. Was this not wrong? yea, ill advised wrong,
To give so mad a man so sharp a sword,
To so great peril of so great mishap,
Wide open thus to set so large a way?

Dor. Alas, my lord, what griefful thing is this,
That of your brother you can think so ill?
I never saw him utter likely sign,
Whereby a man might see or once misdeem
Such hate of you, ne such unyielding pride.
Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,
That raising such mistrustful fear in you,
Sowing the seed of such unkindly hate,
Travail by treason to destroy you both.
Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthy to wield a large and mighty realm.
So much a stronger friend have you thereby,
Whose strength is your strength if you 'gree in one.

Her. If Nature and the Gods had pinched so

Their flowing bounty, and their noble gifts
Of princely qualities, from you, my lord,
And pour'd them all at once in wasteful wise
Upon your father's younger son alone;
Perhaps there be, that in your prejudice
Would say that birth should yield to worthiness.
But sith in each good gift and princely art
Ye are his match, and in the chief of all
In mildness and in sober governance
Ye far surmount; and sith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopeful towardness
To wield the whole, and match your elder's praise;
I see no cause why ye should lose the half,
Ne would I wish you yield to such a loss:
Lest your mild sufferance of so great a wrong,
Be deemed cowardice and simple dread,
Which shall give courage to the fiery head
Of your young brother to invade the whole.
While yet therefore sticks in the people's mind
The loathed wrong of your disheritance;
And ere your brother have, by settled power,
By guileful cloak of an alluring show,
Got him some force and favour in the realm;
And while the noble queen, your mother, lives,

To work and practice all for your avail;
Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself
Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,
Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,
In your own kingdom triumphs over you.
Show now your courage meet for kingly state,
That they which have avow'd to spend their goods,
Their lands, their lives and honours in your cause,
May be the bolder to maintain your part,
When they do see that coward fear in you
Shall not betray, ne fail their faithful hearts.
If once the death of *Porrex* end the strife,
And pay the price of his usurped reign,
Your mother shall persuade the angry king,
The lords, your friends, eke shall appease his rage.
For they be wise, and well they can foresee,
That ere long time your aged father's death
Will bring a time when you shall well requite
Their friendly favour, or their hateful spite,
Yea, or their slackness to advance your cause.
" Wise men do not so hang on passing state
" Of present princes, chiefly in their age,
" But they will further cast their reaching eye,
" To view and weigh the times and reigns to come."

Ne is it likely, though the king be wroth,
That he yet will, or that the realm will bear,
Extreme revenge upon his only son:
Or, if he would, what one is he that dare
Be minister to such an enterprise?
And here you be now placed in your own,
Amid your friends, your vassals, and your strength:
We shall defend and keep your person safe,
Till either counsel turn his tender mind,
Or age or sorrow end his weary days.
But if the fear of gods, and secret grudge
Of nature's law, repining at the fact,
Withhold your courage from so great attempt,
Know ye, that lust of kingdoms hath no law.
The gods do bear, and well allow in kings,
The things that[1] they abhor in rascal routs.
" When kings on slender quarrels run to wars,
" And then in cruel and unkindly wise,
" Command thefts, rapes, murders of innocents,
" The spoil of towns, ruins of mighty realms;
" Think you such princes do suppose themselves
" Subject to laws of kind, and fear of gods?"
Murders and violent thefts in private men

[1] The thinges they abhor.—*Edit.* 1570.

Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach;
Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name
Of noble conquests in the hands of kings.
But if you like not yet so hot devise,
Ne list to take such vantage of the time,
But, though with peril of your own estate,
You will not be the first that shall invade;
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And for your safety stand upon your guard.

Dor. O heaven! was there ever heard or known,
So wicked counsel to a noble prince?
Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace
This heinous tale, what mischief it contains;
Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,
Your present murder, and eternal shame.
Hear me, O king, and suffer not to sink
So high a treason in your princely breast.

Fer. The mighty gods forbid that ever I
Should once conceive such mischief in my heart.
Although my brother hath bereft my realm,
And bear, perhaps, to me an hateful mind,
Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?
Or shall I so destroy my father's life
That gave me life? The gods forbid, I say:

Cease you to speak so any more to me;
Ne you, my friend, with answer once repeat
So foul a tale. In silence let it die.
What lord or subject shall have hope at all,
That under me they safely shall enjoy
Their goods, their honours, lands, and liberties,
With whom, neither one only brother dear,
Ne father dearer, could enjoy their lives?
But, sith I fear my younger brother's rage,
And sith, perhaps, some other man may give
Some like advice, to move his grudging head
At mine estate; which counsel may perchance
Take greater force with him, than this with me;
I will in secret so prepare myself,
As, if his malice or his lust to reign
Break forth in arms or sudden violence,
I may withstand his rage and keep mine own.

[*Exeunt* FERREX *and* HERMON.

Dor. I fear the fatal time now draweth on,
When civil hate shall end the noble line
Of famous *Brute*, and of his royal seed.
Great *Jove*, defend the mischiefs now at hand!
O that the secretary's wise advice
Had erst been heard, when he besought the king

Not to divide his land, nor send his sons
To further parts, from presence of his court,
Ne yet to yield to them his governance.
Lo, such are they now in the royal throne
As was rash *Phaeton* in *Phœbus'* car;
Ne then the fiery steeds did draw the flame
With wilder random through the kindled skies,
Than traiterous counsel now will whirl about
The youthful heads of these unskilful kings.
But I hereof their father will inform;
The reverence of him perhaps shall stay
The growing mischiefs, while they yet are green.
If this help not, then woe unto themselves,
The prince, the people, the divided land! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

PORREX. TYNDAR. PHILANDER.

Por. And is it thus? and doth he so prepare
Against his brother as his mortal foe?
And now, while yet his aged father lives?
Neither regards he him? nor fears he me?
War would he have? and he shall have it so.

Tyn. I saw, myself, the great prepared store

Of horse, of armour, and of weapons there:
Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,
Without the ground of seen and searched truth.
Lo, secret quarrels run about his court,
To bring the name of you, my lord, in hate.
Each man, almost, can now debate the cause,
And ask a reason of so great a wrong,
Why he, so noble and so wise a prince,
Is, as unworthy, reft his heritage?
And why the king, misled by crafty means,
Divided thus his land from course of right?
The wiser sort hold down their griefful heads;
Each man withdraws from talk and company
Of those that have been known to favour you:
To hide the mischief of their meaning there,
Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
The rascal numbers of unskilful sort
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secret, I was counsell'd by my friends
To haste me thence, and brought you, as you know,
Letters from those that both can truly tell,
And would not write unless they knew it well.

Phil. My lord, yet ere you move unkindly war,
Send to your brother, to demand the cause.

Perhaps some traiterous tales have filled his ears
With false reports against your noble grace;
Which, once disclos'd, shall end the growing strife,
That else, not stay'd with wise foresight in time,
Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your lives.
Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled minds, and rid you of this fear.

Por. Rid me of fear! I fear him not at all;
Ne will to him, ne to my father send.
If danger were for one to tarry there,
Think ye it safety to return again?
In mischiefs, such as *Ferrex* now intends,
The wonted courteous laws to messengers
Are not observ'd, which in just war they use.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusty friends to him,
That have disclosed his treason unto me?
Let him entreat that fears; I fear him not.
Or shall I to the king, my father, send?
Yea, and send now, while such a mother lives,
hat loves my brother, and that hateth me?
hall I give leisure, by my fond delays,
) *Ferrex* to oppress me all unware?
will not; but I will invade his realm,

And seek the traitor prince within his court.
Mischief for mischief is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treat, and send, and pray,
And hold my yielding throat to traitor's knife,
While I, with valiant mind and conquering force,
Might rid myself of foes, and win a realm?
Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,
Then to the king, my father, will I send.
The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:
If not, I will defend me as I may.

[*Exeunt* PORREX *and* TYNDAR.

Phil. Lo, here the end of these two youthful kings!
The father's death! the ruin of their realms!
" O most unhappy state of counsellors,
" That light on so unhappy lords and times,
" That neither can their good advice be heard,
" Yet must they bear the blames of ill success."
But I will to the king, their father, haste,
Ere this mischief come to the likely end;
That, if the mindful wrath of wreakful gods
(Since mighty *Ilion's* fall not yet appeas'd
With these poor remnants of the *Trojan* name)

Have not determin'd by unmoved fate,
Out of this realm to raze the *British* line,
By good advice, by awe of father's name,
By force of wiser lords, this kindled hate
May yet be quench'd ere it consume us all. [*Exit.*

CHORUS.

When youth, not bridled with a guiding stay,
Is left to random of their own delight,
And wields whole realms by force of sovereign sway,
Great is the danger of unmaster'd might,
Lest skilless rage throw down, with headlong fall,
Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling breast,
And greedy lust doth raise the climbing mind,
Oh, hardly may the peril be repress'd.
Ne fear of angry gods, ne lawes kind,
Ne country's care can fired hearts restrain,
When force hath armed envy and disdain.

When kings of foresight will neglect the rede[1]
Of best advice, and yield to pleasing tales

[1] *Rede*—counsel.

That do their fancies' noisome humour feed,
Ne reason nor regard of right avails.
Succeeding heaps of plagues shall teach, too late,
To learn the mischiefs of misguided state.

Foul fall the traitor false, that undermines
The love of brethren, to destroy them both.
Woe to the prince, that pliant ear inclines,
And yields his mind to poisonous tale that floweth
From flattering mouth! And woe to wretched land,
That wastes itself with civil sword in hand!
Lo thus it is, poison in gold to take,
And wholesome drink in homely cup forsake.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE THIRD ACT.

First, the music of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage, a company of mourners, all clad in black, betokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissension of brethren, as befel upon the murder of Ferrex by his younger brother. After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and then the music ceased.

ACT III. SCENE I.

GORBODUC. EUBULUS. AROSTUS.

Gorboduc.

CRUEL fates, O mindful wrath of gods,
Whose vengeance, neither *Simois'* stained streams
Flowing with blood of *Trojan* princes slain,
Nor *Phrygian* fields made rank with corpses dead
Of *Asian* kings and lords, can yet appease;

Ne slaughter of unhappy *Priam's* race,
Nor *Ilion's* fall, made level with the soil,
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage
Pursues our lives, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed *Troy*.
" Oh, no man happy till his end be seen."
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy
In present years might make a happy wight,
Happy was *Hecuba*, the wofull'st wretch
That ever lived to make a mirror of;
And happy *Priam*, with his noble sons;
And happy I, till now, alas! I see
And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.
Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here;
Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm,
If timely speed provide not hasty help.
Yet, O ye gods, if ever woeful king
Might move ye, kings of kings, wreak it on me
And on my sons, not on this guiltless realm:
Send down your wasting flames from wrathful skies,
To reave me and my sons the hateful breath.
Read, read my lords; this is the matter why
I call'd ye now, to have your good advice.

The letter from DORDAN, *the Counsellor of the elder Prince.*

EUBULUS *readeth the letter.*

My sovereign lord, what I am loath to write,
But loathest am to see, that I am forc'd
By letters now to make you understand.
My lord *Ferrex*, your eldest son, misled
By traiterous fraud of young untemper'd wits,
Assembleth force against your younger son,
Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat
And furious pangs of his inflamed head.
Disdain, saith he, of his disheritance
Arms him to wreak the great pretended wrong,
With civil sword upon his brother's life.
If present help do not restrain this rage,
This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you.

Your Majesty's faithful,
and most humble subject,
DORDAN.

Aros. O king, appease your grief, and stay your plaint;
Great is the matter, and a woeful case:
But timely knowledge may bring timely help.

Send for them both unto your presence here:
The reverence of your honour, age, and state,
Your grave advice, the awe of father's name,
Shall quickly knit again this broken peace.
And if in either of my lords, your sons,
Be such untamed and unyielding pride,
As will not bend unto your noble hests;[1]
If *Ferrex*, the elder son, can bear no peer,
Or *Porrex*, not content, aspires to more
Than you him gave above his native right;
Join with the juster side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and hold the land in stay.

Eub. What meaneth this? Lo, yonder comes in haste
Philander from my lord, your younger son.

Enter PHILANDER.

Gor. The gods send joyful news!

Phil. The mighty Jove
Preserve your majesty, O noble king.

Gor. Philander, welcome: but how doth my son?

Phil. Your son, sir, lives, and healthy I him left.
But yet, O king, the want of lustful health
Could not be half so griefful to your grace,

[1] *Hests*—commands.

As these most wretched tidings that I bring.

Gor. O heavens, yet more? no end of woes to me?

Phil. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
Of *Ferrex,* to my lord your younger son,
And made report of great prepared store
For war, and saith that it is wholly meant
Against *Porrex,* for high disdain that he
Lives now a king, and equal in degree
With him that claimeth to succeed the whole,
As by due title of descending right.
Porrex is now so set on flaming fire,
Partly with kindled rage of cruel wrath,
Partly with hope to gain a realm thereby,
That he in haste prepareth to invade
His brother's land, and with unkindly war
Threatens the murder of your elder son;
Ne could I him persuade, that first he should
Send to his brother to demand the cause;
Nor yet to you to stay this hateful strife.
Wherefore sith there no more I can be heard,
I come myself now to inform your grace,
And to beseech you, as you love the life
And safety of your children and your realm,
Now to employ your wisdom and your force

To stay this mischief ere it be too late.

Gor. Are they in arms? would he not send to me?
Is this the honour of a father's name?
In vain we travail to assuage their minds,
As if their hearts, whom neither brother's love,
Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's cares, can move,
Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat.
Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line.
For though perhaps fear of such mighty force
As I, my lords, joined with your noble aids,
May yet raise, shall repress their present heat,
The secret grudge and malice will remain,
The fire not quench'd, but kept in close restraint,
Fed still within, breaks forth with double flame.
Their death and mine must 'pease the angry gods.

Phil. Yield not, O king, so much to weak despair:
Your sons yet live, and long, I trust, they shall.
If fates had taken you from earthly life,
Before beginning of this civil strife,
Perhaps your sons in their unmaster'd youth,
Loose from regard of any living wight,
Would run on headlong, with unbridled race,
To their own death, and ruin of this realm.
But sith the gods, that have the care for kings,

Of things and times dispose the order so,
That in your life this kindled flame breaks forth,
While yet your life, your wisdom, and your power,
May stay the growing mischief, and repress
The fiery blaze of their enkindled heat;
It seems, and so ye ought to deem thereof,
That loving *Jove* hath temper'd so the time
Of this debate to happen in your days,
That you yet living may the same appease,
And add it to the glory of your age,
And they your sons may learn to live in peace.
Beware, O king, the greatest harm of all,
Lest, by your wailful plaints, your hastened death
Yield larger room unto their growing rage.
Preserve your life, the only hope of stay.
And if your highness herein list to use
Wisdom or force, counsel or knightly aid,
Lo we, our persons, powers, and lives are yours;
Use us till death, O king, we are your own.

Eub. Lo, here the peril that was erst foreseen,
When you, O king, did first divide your land,
And yield your present reign unto your sons.
But now, O noble prince, now is no time
To wail and plain, and waste your woeful life;

Now is the time for present good advice.
Sorrow doth dark the judgment of the wit.
" The heart unbroken, and the courage free
" From feeble faintness of bootless despair,
" Doth either rise to safety or renown
" By noble valour of unvanquish'd mind,
" Or yet doth perish in more happy sort."
Your grace may send to either of your sons
Some one both wise and noble personage,
Which with good counsel, and with weighty name
Of father, shall present before their eyes
Your hest, your life, your safety, and their own,
The present mischief of their deadly strife.
And in the while, assemble you the force
Which your commandment and the speedy haste
Of all my lords here present can prepare.
The terror of your mighty power shall stay
The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

Enter NUNTIUS.

Nun. O king, the greatest grief that ever prince did hear,
That ever woeful messenger did tell,
That ever wretched land hath seen before,

I bring to you: *Porrex* your younger son
With sudden force invaded hath the land
That you to *Ferrex* did allot to rule;
And with his own most bloody hand he hath
His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.

Gor. O heavens, send down the flames of your revenge!
Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire
The traitor son, and then the wretched sire!
But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful gods.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regard of right,
No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath;
But with contempt of gods, and man's despite,
Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
To fatal sceptre and accursed reign.
The son so loathes the father's lingering days,
Ne dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain.
O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet record
The yet fresh murders done within the land
Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
Bereft *Morgan* his life with cousin's hand?

Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,
Whose murderous hand, imbru'd with guiltless blood,
Asks vengeance still before the heaven's face,
With endless mischiefs on the cursed brood.
The wicked child thus brings to woeful sire
The mournful plaints to waste his very life.
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife.
And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
The dead black streams of mourning, plaints, and woe

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FOURTH ACT.

First, the music of hautboys began to play, during which there came forth from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megœra, and Tisiphone, clad in black garments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spread with serpents instead of hair, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand: each driving before them a king and a queen; which, moved by furies, unnaturally had slain their own children. The names of the kings and queens were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambyses, Althea; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrice, they departed, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow; that is to say, Porrex slain by his own mother, and of king Gorboduc and queen Videna, killed by their own subjects.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VIDENA *sola.*

WHY should I live, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distress?
O me, most woeful wight, whom no mishap
Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.
Might not these hands, by fortune or by fate,
Have pierc'd this breast, and life with iron reft?
Or in this palace here, where I so long
Have spent my days, could not that happy hour
Once, once have happ'd, in which these hugy frames
With death by fall might have oppressed me?
Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,
So oft where I have press'd my wretched steps,
Sometime had ruth of mine accursed life,
To rend in twain, and swallow me therein?
So had my bones possessed now in peace
Their happy grave within the closed ground,
And greedy worms had gnawn this pined heart
Without my feeling pain: so should not now
This living breast remain the ruthful tomb,

Wherein my heart yielden to death is graved;
Nor dreary thoughts, with pangs of pining grief,
My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.
O my beloved son! O my sweet child!
My dear *Ferrex*, my joy, my life's delight!
Is my beloved son, is my sweet child,
My dear *Ferrex*, my joy, my life's delight,
Murder'd with cruel death? O hateful wretch!
O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth!
Thou, *Porrex*, thou this damned deed hast wrought;
Thou, *Porrex*, thou shalt dearly bye[1] the same.
Traitor to kin and kind, to sire and me,
To thine own flesh, and traitor to thyself:
The gods on thee in hell shall wreak their wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
On thee, *Porrex*, thou false and caitiff wight.
If after blood so eager were thy thirst,
And murd'rous mind had so possessed thee,
If such hard heart of rock and stony flint
Liv'd in thy breast, that nothing else could like
Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood:
Wild savage beasts, might not their slaughter serve
To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst

[1] *Bye*—abye. To abide, to suffer for.

Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands
With blood deserv'd, and drink thereof thy fill?
Or if nought else but death and blood of man
Might please thy lust, could none in *Britain* land,
Whose heart betorn out of his panting breast
With thine own hand, or work what death thou would'st,
Suffice to make a sacrifice to 'pease
That deadly mind and murderous thought in thee,
But he who in the selfsame womb was wrapp'd,
Where thou in dismal hour receivedst life?
Or if needs, needs thy hand must slaughter make,
Mightest thou not have reach'd a mortal wound,
And with thy sword have pierc'd this cursed womb
That the accursed *Porrex* brought to light,
And given me a just reward therefore?
So *Ferrex* yet sweet life might have enjoyed,
And to his aged father comfort brought,
With some young son in whom they both might live.
But whereunto waste I this ruthful speech,
To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?
Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?
That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?
No, traitor, no; I thee refuse for mine:
Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.

Never, O wretch, this womb conceived thee;
Nor never bode I painful throws for thee.
Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew.
Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,
Thou never suck'd the milk of woman's breast;
But, from thy birth, the cruel tiger's teats
Have nursed thee; nor yet of flesh and blood
Form'd is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought;
And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.
But canst thou hope to 'scape my just revenge?
Or that these hands will not be wroke on thee?
Dost thou not know that *Ferrex'* mother lives,
That loved him more dearly than herself?
And doth she live, and is not veng'd on thee?

ACT IV. SCENE II.

GORBODUC. AROSTUS.

Gor. We marvel much, whereto this ling'ring stay
Falls out so long: *Porrex* unto our court,
By order of our letters, is return'd;
And *Eubulus* receiv'd from us behest,

At his arrival here, to give him charge
Before our presence straight to make repair,
And yet we have no word whereof he stays.

Aros. Lo where he comes, and *Eubulus* with him.

Enter EUBULUS *and* PORREX.

Eub. According to your highness' hest to me,
Here have I *Porrex* brought, even in such sort
As from his wearied horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such haste therein.

Gor. We like and praise this speedy will in you,
To work the thing that to your charge we gave.
Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,
And from those bounds which law of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,
In cruel murder of thy brother's life;
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.
No; we should not offend the law of kind,
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murder'd him, whose heinous death
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
By blood again; and justice forceth us

To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet since thou art our child, and sith as yet
In this hard case what word thou canst allege
For thy defence, by us hath not been heard,
We are content to stay our will for that
Which justice bids us presently to work,
And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.

Por. Neither, O king, I can or will deny
But that this hand from *Ferrex* life hath reft:
Which fact how much my doleful heart doth wail,
Oh! would it might as full appear to sight,
As inward grief doth pour it forth to me.
So yet, perhaps, if ever ruthful heart
Melting in tears within a manly breast,
Through deep repentance of his bloody fact;
If ever grief, if ever woeful man
Might move regret with sorrow of his fault,
I think the torment of my mournful case,
Known to your grace, as I do feel the same,
Would force even Wrath herself to pity me.
But as the water, troubled with the mud,
Shows not the face which else the eye should see;
Even so your ireful mind with stirred thought

Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.
But this unhap, amongst so many haps,
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to myself I must reserve my woe,
In pining thoughts of mine accursed fact;
Since I may not show here my smallest grief,
Such as it is, and as my breast endures,
Which I esteem the greatest misery
Of all mishaps that fortune now can send.
Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears
To purchase life; for to the gods I clepe[1]
For true record of this my faithful speech;
Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread
To die the death that by your grace's doom,
By just desert, shall be pronounced to me:
Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speech,
Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live.
I mean not this as though I were not touch'd
With care of dreadful death, or that I held
Life in contempt: but that I know the mind
Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail.
And for my guilt, I yield the same so great
As in myself I find a fear to sue
For grant of life.

[1] *Clepe*—to call.

Por. In vain, O wretch, thou showest
woeful heart: *Ferrex* now lies in grave,
in by thy hand.
Por. Yet this, O father, hear;
d then I end. Your majesty well knows,
hat when my brother *Ferrex* and myself
y your own hest were join'd in governance
f this your grace's realm of *Britain* land,
never sought nor travail'd for the same;
or by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,
ut from your highness' will alone it sprung,
f your most gracious goodness bent to me.
ut how my brother's heart even then repin'd
With swollen disdain against mine equal rule,
Seeing that realm, which by descent should grow
Wholly to him, allotted half to me;
Even in your highness' court he now remains,
And with my brother then in nearest place,
Who can record what proof thereof was show'd,
And how my brother's envious heart appear'd.
Yet I that judged it my part to seek
His favour and good will, and loath to make
Your highness know the thing which should have brought
Grief to your grace, and your offence to him;

Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won
A loving heart within a brother's breast,
Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love
And faithful heart, he gave to me his hand.
This made me think that he had banish'd quite
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
Such hearty love as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your grace's court,
And from your highness' presence liv'd apart,
This equal rule still, still did grudge him so,
That now those envious sparks which erst lay rak'd
In living cinders of dissembling breast,
Kindled so far within his heart disdain,
That longer could he not refrain from proof
Of secret practice to deprive me life
By poison's force; and had bereft me so,
If mine own servant hired to this fact,
And mov'd by truth with hate to work the same,
In time had not bewray'd it unto me.
When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,
All honest league and faithful promise broke,
The law of kind and truth thus rent in twain,
His heart on mischief set, and in his breast
Black treason hid; then, then did I despair

hat ever time could win him friend to me;
hen saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
Trapp'd under cloak, then saw I deep deceit
urk in his face and death prepar'd for me:
ven nature moved me then to hold my life
lore dear to me than his, and bade this hand,
ince by his life my death must needs ensue,
nd by his death my life to be preserved,
o shed his blood, and seek my safety so.
nd wisdom willed me without protract
n speedy wise to put the same in ure.
Thus have I told the cause that moved me
To work my brother's death; and so I yield
My life, my death, to judgment of your grace.

Gor. Oh cruel wight, should any cause prevail
To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?
But what of thee we will resolve to do
Shall yet remain unknown. Thou in the mean
Shalt from our royal presence banish'd be,
Until our princely pleasure further shall
To thee be show'd. Depart therefore our sight,
Accursed child! [*Exit* PORREX.] What cruel destiny,
What froward fate hath sorted us this chance,
That even in those, where we should comfort find,

Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.

Aros. Your grace should now, in these grave years
of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys;
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither shall nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

Gor. Many can yield right sage and grave advice
Of patient spirit to others wrapp'd in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

Enter MARCELLA.

Mar. Oh where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? is all the world
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas, within the mother's breast,
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;
If ruth be banish'd thence, if pity there
May have no place, if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?

Gor. Madam, alas, what means your woeful tale?

Mar. O silly woman I! why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
With her own hand to slay her only son?
But out, alas! these eyes beheld the same:
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,

And with her hand, a woeful thing to tell,
While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stabb'd in with knife is reft of life.

Gor. O *Eubulus*, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed! O hateful light,
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death!
Dear *Eubulus*, work this we thee beseech!

Eub. Patient your grace; perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound receiv'd, but not of certain death.

Gor. O let us then repair unto the place,
And see if *Porrex* live, or thus be slain.

[*Exeunt* GORBODUC *and* EUBULUS

Mar. Alas, he liveth not! it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.

Aros. O damned deed!

Mar. But hear his ruthful end:
The noble prince, pierc'd with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastely start,
Whose strength now failing straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes, ev'n new unclos'd,
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help.
We then, alas, the ladies which that time

id there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
nd hearing him oft call the wretched name
f mother, and to cry to her for aid,
hose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
itying, alas, (for nought else could we do)
is ruthful end, ran to the woeful bed,
espoiled straight his breast, and all we might
Viped in vain with napkins next at hand,
he sudden streams of blood that flushed fast
ut of the gaping wound. O what a look,
) what a ruthful steadfast eye methought
e fix'd upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me, when with a braid[1]
deep-fetch'd sigh he gave, and therewithal
lasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight;
And straight pale death pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.

Aros. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Mar. O hard and cruel hap, that thus assign'd
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruel heart that could consent
To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought.

[1] *A braid*—a start.

O queen of adamant! O marble breast!
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely cheer and countenance,
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
If not his fair and seemly personage,
His noble limbs in such proportion cast
As would have wrapt a silly woman's thought;
If this might not have mov'd thy bloody heart,
And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
Ev'n to let fall, and kiss'd him in the face,
With tears for ruth to reave such one by death;
Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!
Even *Jove* with justice must with lightening flames
From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
And charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,
That bow'd the head-piece of thy friendly foe!
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
Which never now these eyes may see again!

Aros. Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed;
Rather with me depart, and help to 'swage
The thoughtful griefs that in the aged king
Must needs by nature grow by death of this
His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

Mar. What wight is that which saw that I did see,
And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?
Not I, alas! that heart is not in me:
But let us go, for I am griev'd anew,
To call to mind the wretched father's woe. [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

When greedy lust in royal seat to reign
Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men;
And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain,
Within ambitious breast are lodged, then
Behold how mischief wide herself displays,
And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain the heaven's face,
Crying to *Jove* for vengeance of the deed,
The mighty god ev'n moveth from his place,
With wrath to wreak: then sends he forth with speed

The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night,
With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.
These, for revenge of wretched murder done,
Do make the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:
Jove, by his just and everlasting doom,
Justly hath ever so requited it.
The times before record, and times to come
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight, that suffers not the snare
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood;
And happy he, that can in time beware
By other's harms, and turn it to his good.
But woe to him that, fearing not to offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIFTH ACT.

First, the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of harquebussiers, and of armed men, all in order of battle. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drums and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, arms, and civil wars to follow, as fell in the realm of Great Britain, which, by the space of fifty years and more, continued in civil war between the nobility after the death of king Gorboduc and of his issues, for want of certain limitation in the succession of the crown, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchy.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CLOTYN. MANDUD. GWENARD. FERGUS. EUBULUS.

Clotyn.

DID ever age bring forth such tyrant hearts?
The brother hath bereft the brother's life,
The mother, she hath dyed her cruel hands
In blood of her own son; and now at last
The people, lo, forgetting truth and love,
Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,
Ev'n they have slain their sovereign lord and queen.

Man. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunish'd rest?
Ev'n yet they cease not, carried on with rage,
In their rebellious routs, to threaten still
A new bloodshed unto the prince's kin,
To slay them all, and to uproot the race
Both of the king and queen; so are they mov'd
With *Porrex'* death, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltless king, without desert at all;
And traitorously have murder'd him therefore,
And eke the queen.

Gwen. Shall subjects dare with force

To work revenge upon their prince's fact?
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
The deed was foul, the queen to slay her son,
Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,
Arise against his lord, and slay his king?
O wretched state, where those rebellious hearts
Are not rent out ev'n from their living breasts,
And with the body thrown unto the fowls,
As carrion food, for terrour of the rest.

Ferg. There can no punishment be thought too great
For this so grievous crime: let speed therefore
Be used therein, for it behooveth so.

Eub. Ye all, my lords, I see, consent in one,
And I as one consent with ye in all.
I hold it more than need, with sharpest law
To punish this tumultuous bloody rage.
For nothing more may shake the common state,
Than sufferance of uproars without redress;
Whereby how some kingdoms of mighty power,
After great conquests made, and flourishing
In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought:
I pray to *Jove*, that we may rather wail
Such hap in them than witness in ourselves.

Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees,[1]
Though kings forget to govern as they ought,
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.
But now, my lords, before ye farther wade,
Or spend your speech, what sharp revenge shall fall
By justice' plague on these rebellious wights;
Methinks ye rather should first search the way,
By which in time the rage of this uproar
Might be repress'd, and these great tumults ceas'd.
Even yet the life of *Britain* land doth hang

[1] The following lines are in the unauthorized edition of 1565:—

" That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
Call to account the doings of his prince,
Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,
No more than may the hand cut off the head;
In act nor speech, no not in secret thought
The subject may rebel against his lord,
Or judge of him that sits in *Cæsar's* seat,
With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes."

Warton, vol. III. p. 370, attributes the suppression of these lines to Thomas Norton. He says, " It is well known that the Calvinists carried their ideas of reformation and refinement into government as well as religion; and it seems probable, that these eight verses were suppressed by Thomas Norton, Sackville's supposed assistant in the play, who was not only an active and, I believe, a sensible Puritan, but a licencer of the publication of books under the commission of the Bishop of London."

In traitors' balance of unequal weight.
Think not, my lords, the death of *Gorboduc*,
Nor yet *Videna's* blood, will cease their rage:
Ev'n our own lives, our wives, and children dear,
Our country, dear'st of all, in danger stands,
Now to be spoil'd, now, now made desolate,
And by ourselves a conquest to ensue.
For, give once sway unto the people's lusts,
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
And as the stream that rolleth down the hill,
So will they headlong run with raging thoughts
From blood to blood, from mischief unto more,
To ruin of the realm, themselves, and all:
So giddy are the common people's minds,
So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.
Ye see, my lords, what strength these rebels have,
What hugy number is assembled still:
For though the traitorous fact, for which they rose,
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;
So that, how far their furies yet will stretch,
Great cause we have to dread. That we may seek
By present battle to repress their power,
Speed must we use to levy force therefore;
For either they forthwith will mischief work,

Withouten war to vanquish rebels' power.
In the mean while, make you in readiness
Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.
Horsemen, you know, are not the commons' strength,
But are the force and store of noble men;
Whereby the unchosen and unarmed sort
Of skilless rebels, whom none other power
But number makes to be of dreadful force,
With sudden brunt may quickly be oppress'd.
And if this gentle mean of proffer'd grace
With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail,
As to assuage their desp'rate courages;
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
As present age, and eke posterity,
May be adrad[1] with horrour of revenge
That justly then shall on these rebels fall.
This is, my lords, the sum of mine advice.

Clot. Neither this case admits debate at large;
And thou[illegible] this speech that hath been said,
[illegible]he tale I would have told.
[illegible] I consent
[illegible]: and if the same
[illegible]n for best advice,
[illegible]afraid.

I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

Man. My lords, then let us presently depart,
And follow this that liketh us so well.

[*Exeunt* CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD, *and* EUBULUS.

Ferg. If ever time to gain a kingdom here
Were offer'd man, now it is offer'd me.
The realm is reft both of their king and queen,
The offspring of the prince is slain and dead,
No issue now remains, the heir unknown,
The people are in arms and mutinies,
The nobles, they are busied how to cease
These great rebellious tumults and uproars;
And *Britain* land, now desèrt left alone
Amid these broils uncertain where to rest,
Offers herself unto that noble heart
That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.
Shall I, that am the Duke of *Albany*,
Descended from that line of noble blood,
Which hath so long flourish'd in worthy fame
Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts
Of right should rest above the baser sort,
Refuse to venture life to win a crown?
Whom shall I find enemies that will withstand

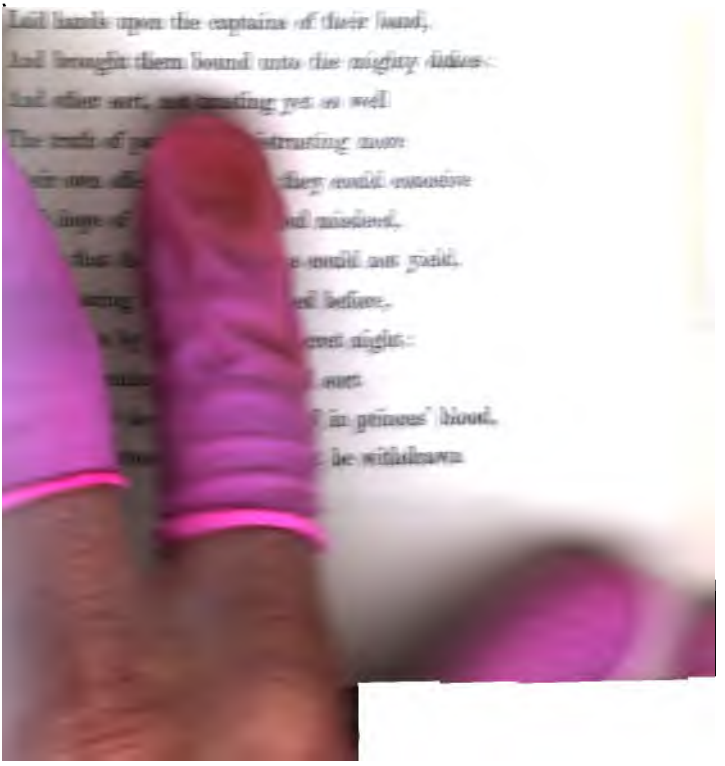
My fact herein, if I attempt by arms
To seek the same now in these times of broil?
These dukes' power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in arms.
But if, perhaps, my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in power above the best
Of all these lords now left in *Britain* land?
And though they should match me with power of men,
Yet doubtful is the chance of battles joined.
If victors of the field we may depart,
Ours is the sceptre then of *Great Britain;*
If slain amid the plain this body lie,
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
But that I died giving the noble charge
To hazard life for conquest of a crown.
Forthwith, therefore, will I in post depart
To *Albany*, and raise in armour there
All power I can: and here my secret friends,
By secret practice shall solicit still,
To seek to win to me the people's hearts. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

EUBULUS *solus.*

Eub. O *Jove,* how are these people's hearts abus'd!
What blind fury thus headlong carries them?
That though so many books, so many rolls
Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues
Light on these rebels aye, and though so oft
Their ears have heard their aged fathers tell
What just reward these traitors still receive;
Yea, though themselves have seen deep death and blood,
By strangling cord, and sla[illegible] the sword,
[illegible] assign'd, yet ca[illegible] are,
[illegible] stay their le[illegible] nds;
[illegible] g, lo, foul t[illegible]
[illegible] ed minds, [illegible] l heart,
[illegible] h, and r[illegible] prince.
[illegible] that t[illegible] 's bond,
W[illegible] law, [illegible] and faith,
[illegible] their king,
[illegible] and prince,
[illegible] subvert
[illegible]

O native soil, those that will needs destroy
And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.
For lo, when once the dukes had offer'd grace
Of pardon sweet, the multitude, misled
By traitorous fraud of their ungracious heads,
One sort that saw the dangerous success
Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,
And knew the difference of princes' power
From headless number of tumultuous rout,
Whom common country's care, and private fear
Taught to repent the error of their rage,



By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by fear,
By proffer'd life, ne yet by threaten'd death,
With minds hopeless of life, dreadless of death,
Careless of country, and aweless of God,
Stood bent to fight, as furies did them move,
With violent death to close their traitorous life.
These all by power of horsemen were oppress'd,
And with revenging sword slain in the field,
Or with the strangling cord hang'd on the trees,
Where yet their carrion carcases do preach
The fruits that rebels reap of their uproars,
And of the murder of their sacred prince.
But lo, where do approach the noble dukes
By whom these tumults have been thus appeas'd.

Enter CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD, *and* AROSTUS.

Clot. I think the world will now at length beware
And fear to put on arms against their prince.

Man. If not, those traitorous hearts that dare rebel,
Let them behold the wide and hugy fields
With blood and bodies spread of rebels slain;
The lofty trees cloth'd with the corpses dead,
That, strangled with the cord, do hang thereon.

Aros. A just reward; such as all times before

Have ever lotted to those wretched folks.

Gwen. But what means he that cometh here so fast?

Enter NUNTIUS.

Nun. My lords, as duty and my troth doth move,
And of my country work a care in me,
That, if the spending of my breath avail'd
To do the service that my heart desires,
I would not shun to embrace a present death;
So have I now, in that wherein I thought
My travail might perform some good effect,
Ventur'd my life to bring these tidings here.
Fergus, the mighty duke of *Albany*,
Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field
With twenty thousand men: hither he bends
His speedy march, and minds to invade the crown.
Daily he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad,
That to this realm no certain heir remains,
That *Britain* land is left without a guide,
That he the sceptre seeks, for nothing else
But to preserve the people and the land,
Which now remain as ship without a stern.
Lo, this is that which I have here to say.

Clot. Is this his faith? and shall he falsely thus

Abuse the vantage of unhappy times?
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
His cruel and untemper'd wilfulness,
His deep dissembling shows of false pretence,
Should once attain the crown of *Britain* land!
Let us, my lords, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Man. Though we remain without a certain prince,
To wield the realm, or guide the wand'ring rule,
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native land, our country, that contains
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all
That ever is or may be dear to man,
Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.
Let us advance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwen. Yea, let us so, my lords, with hasty speed.
And ye, O gods, send us the welcome death,
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not
In loathsome life to linger out our days,
To see the hugy heaps of these unhaps,
That now roll down upon the wretched land,
Where empty place of princely governance,

No certain stay now left of doubtless heir,
Thus leave this guideless realm an open prey
To endless storms and waste of civil war.

Aros. That ye, my lords, do so agree in one,
To save your country from the violent reign
And wrongfully usurped tyranny
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realm, and in this realm yourselves,
From foreign thraldom of so proud a prince,
Much do I praise; and I beseech the gods,
With happy honour to requite it you.
But, O my lords, sith now the heaven's wrath
Hath reft this land the issue of their prince;
Sith of the body of our late sovereign lord
Remains no more, since the young kings be slain,
And of the title of descended crown
Uncertainly the divers minds do think
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly
Will partial fancy and affection deem;
But most uncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reign withdraw to sundry parts
The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.
When once this noble service is achiev'd
For *Britain* land the mother of ye all,

When once ye have with armed force repress'd
The proud attempts of this *Albanian* prince,
That threatens thraldom to your native land,
When ye shall vanquishers return from field,
And find the princely state an open prey
To greedy lust and to usurping power,
Then, then, my lords, if ever kindly care
Of antient honour of your ancestors,
Of present wealth and nobless of your stocks,
Yea of the lives and safety yet to come
Of your dear wives, your children, and yourselves,
Might move your noble hearts with gentle ruth,
Then, then, have pity on the torn estate;
Then help to salve the well-near hopeless sore;
Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withhold
The slaying knife from your own mother's throat.
Her shall you save, and you, and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbear
Once to lay hand or take unto yourselves
The crown, by colour of pretended right,
Or by what other means soe'er it be,
Till first by common counsel of you all
In parliament, the regal diadem
Be set in certain place of governance;

In which your parliament, and in your choice,
Prefer the right, my lords, without respect
Of strength or friends, or whatsoever cause
That may set forward any other's part.
For right will last, and wrong cannot endure.
Right mean I his or hers, upon whose name
The people rest by mean of native line,
Or by the virtue of some former law,
Already made their title to advance.
Such one, my lords, let be your chosen king,
Such one so born within your native land;
Such one prefer, and in no wise admit
The heavy yoke of foreign governance:
Let foreign titles yield to public wealth.
And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare
Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,
With that same heart, my lords, keep out also
Unnatural thraldom of stranger's reign;
Ne suffer you, against the rules of kind,
Your mother land to serve a foreign prince.

Eub. Lo, here the end of *Brutus'* royal line,
And lo, the entry to the woeful wreck
And utter ruin of this noble realm.
The royal king and eke his sons are slain;

No ruler rests within the regal seat;
The heir, to whom the sceptre 'longs, unknown;
That to each force of foreign princes' power,
Whom vantage of our wretched state may move
By sudden arms to gain so rich a realm,
And to the proud and greedy mind at home,
Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire,
Lo, *Britain* realm is left an open prey,
A present spoil by conquest to ensue.
Who seeth not now how many rising minds
Do feed their thoughts with hope to reach a realm?
And who will not by force attempt to win
So great a gain, that hope persuades to have?
A simple colour shall for title serve.
Who wins the royal crown will want no right,
Nor such as shall display by long descent
A lineal race to prove him lawful king.
In the meanwhile these civil arms shall rage,
And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,
And far and near spread thee, O *Britain* land;
All right and law shall cease, and he that had
Nothing to day, to morrow shall enjoy
Great heaps of gold, and he that flow'd in wealth,

Lo, he shall be bereft of life and all;
And happiest he that then possesseth least.
The wives shall suffer rape, the maids deflour'd,
And children fatherless shall weep and wail;
With fire and sword thy native folk shall perish,
One kinsman shall bereave another's life,
The father shall unwitting slay the son,
The son shall slay the sire and know it not.
Women and maids the cruel soldier's sword
Shall pierce to death, and silly children lo,
That playing[1] in the streets and fields are found,
By violent hands shall close their latter day.
Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier
Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?
Ev'n thou, O wretched mother, half alive,
Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child
Slain with the sword while he yet sucks thy breast:
Lo, guiltless blood shall thus each where be shed.
Thus shall the wasted soil yield forth no fruit,
But dearth and famine shall possess the land.
The towns shall be consum'd and burnt with fire,
The peopled cities shall wax desolate;

[1] Play.—*Edit.* 1570.

And thou, O *Britain*, whilom in renown,
Whilom in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,
Dismember'd thus, and thus be rent in twain,
Thus wasted and defac'd, spoil'd and destroy'd.
These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.
Hereto it comes when kings will not consent
To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
This is the end, when in fond princes' hearts
Flattery prevails, and sage rede hath no place:
These are the plagues, when murder is the mean
To make new heirs unto the royal crown.
Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath
Nought but the blood of her own child may swage;
These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise
To work revenge and judge their prince's fact.
This, this ensues, when noble men do fail
In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.
And this doth grow, when lo, unto the prince,
Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
No certain heir remains, such certain heir,
As not all only is the rightful heir,
But to the realm is so made known to be;
And troth thereby vested in subjects' hearts,

To owe faith there where right is known to rest.
Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
When is of parliament no hope at all,
Which, though it be assembled by consent,
Yet is not likely with consent to end;
While each one for himself, or for his friend,
Against his foe, shall travail what he may;
While now the state, left open to the man
That shall with greatest force invade the same,
Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope;
When will they once with yielding hearts agree?
Or in the while, how shall the realm be used?
No, no: then parliament should have been holden,
And certain heirs appointed to the crown,
To stay the title of established right,
And in the people plant obedience,
While yet the prince did live, whose name and power
By lawful summons and authority
Might make a parliament to be of force,
And might have set the state in quiet stay.
But now, O happy man, whom speedy death
Deprives of life, ne is enforc'd to see
These hugy mischiefs, and these miseries,

These civil wars, these murders, and these wrongs.
Of justice, yet must God in fine restore
This noble crown unto the lawful heir:
For right will always live, and rise at length,
But wrong can never take deep root to last.

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY.

THE LAST PARTE OF THE

Mirour for Magiſtrates,

WHEREIN MAY BE SEEN BY EXAMPLES
PASSED IN THIS REALME,
with how greuous plagues Vices are puniſhed
in great *Princes* and *Magiſtrates*
and how frayle and unſtable worldly proſperitie
is found, where Fortune ſeemeth
moſt highly to favour.

NEWLY CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY
THOMAS MARSHE
Anno 1574.
Cum Privelegio.

THE *Induction* was written by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, as a Preface or Introduction to a poem called the *Mirror for Magistrates*, of which the plan was formed by him about the year 1557. All the illustrious but unfortunate characters of English history, from the Conquest to the end of the fourteenth century, were intended to pass in review before the Poet, who descends like Dante into Hell.

The object of the work, as stated in the title-page of the edition of 1574, was to show by examples "with how grievous plagues vices are punished in great Princes and Magistrates, and how frail and unstable worldly prosperity is found, where fortune seems most highly to favour." From want of leisure the original design of the work was, however, relinquished by Sackville, and left to others; and the *Induction* was adapted by him at

the conclusion to the only part which he wrote, viz the *Legend of Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham* who was the chief supporter of Richard III, but afterwards conspiring against him was beheaded in the yea 1484.

The first edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates* wa published in 1559. Sackville's *Induction* and *Legen* did not appear till the work was edited afresh in th year 1563. This was followed by two more editions i 1571 and 1574, the text of which latter rare an beautiful edition has been adopted with very few ex ceptions.

THE INDUCTION.

THE wrathful Winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blustering blasts had all ybar'd the treen,
And old *Saturnus*, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets[1] torn, and every bloom[2] down blown.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue;
And soote[3] fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth, now *Boreas'* blasts down blew;
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd
In woeful wise bewail'd the summer past.

[1] *Tapets*—tapestry, used metaphorically for *foliage*.

[2] Tree. Edit. 1574. Copies of the same edition of 1563 give variously *tree* and *bloom*.

[3] *Soote*—sweet.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about.

When lo, the night with misty mantles spread,
'Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies;
And *Venus* in her message *Hermes* sped
To bloody *Mars*, to will him not to rise,
Which she herself approach'd in speedy wise;
And *Virgo* hiding her disdainful breast,
With *Thetis* now had laid her down to rest.

Whiles *Scorpio* dreading *Sagittarius'* dart,
Whose bow prest[1] bent in fight, the string had slipp
Down slid into the Ocean flood apart,
The *Bear*, that in the Irish seas had dipp'd
His grisly feet, with speed from thence he whipp'd
For *Thetis*, hasting from the *Virgin's* bed,
Pursued the *Bear*, that ere she came was fled.

[1] *Prest*—ready.

d *Phaeton* now, near reaching to his race
ith glist'ring beams, gold streaming where they bent,
as prest to enter in his resting place:
ythius, that in the cart first went,
ad even now attain'd his journey's stent:[1]
And, fast declining, hid away his head,
While *Titan* couch'd him in his purple bed.

nd pale *Cynthea*, with her borrow'd light,
eginning to supply her brother's place,
Vas past the noonstead six degrees in sight,
When sparkling stars amid the heaven's face,
With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
That, while they brought about the nightes chare,
The dark had dimm'd the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn,
The sturdy trees so shatter'd with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourish'd so beforn,
It taught me well, all earthly things be born
To die the death, for nought long time may last;
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

[1] *Stent*—end.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams,
With nightes stars thick powder'd everywhere,
Which erst so glisten'd with the golden streams
That cheerful *Phœbus* spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near:
The sudden sight reduced to my mind,
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes, and goes, more faster than we see
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My busy mind presented unto me
Such fall of peers as in this realm had be;
That oft I wish'd some would their woes descrive,
To warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And straight forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In black all clad, there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaste;
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears out brast;[1]
And sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

[1] *Brast*—burst.

Her body small, forewither'd, and forespent,
As is the stalk that summer's drought oppress'd;
Her welked face with woeful tears besprent;
Her colour pale; and, as it seem'd her best,
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And, as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloat;
Wherewith, her looks thrown up full piteously,
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,
With doleful shrieks, that echo'd in the sky;
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany,
That, in my doom, was never man did see
A wight but half so woebegone as she.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolour, so distrain'd in heart,
That, while my hairs upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstream'd for sorrow of her smart:
But, when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dewle[1] which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

[1] *Dewle*—lamentation.

Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
And stint[1] *in time to spill thyself with plaint:*
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaint:
And, with that word of sorrow, all forefaint
She looked up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus she 'gan to say:

Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrain'd
With wasting woes, that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endless torments pain'd
Among the Furies *in the infernal lake,*
Where Pluto, *god of hell, so grisly black*
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's *deadly taste*
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast:

Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom fortune, in this maze of misery,
Of wretched chance, most woeful mirrors chose;
That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose [*sure,*
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most
Thou mayst soon deem no earthly joy may dure.

[1] *Stint*—to limit or restrain.

Whose rueful voice no sooner had out bray'd
Those woeful words wherewith she sorrow'd so,
But out, alas, she shright,[1] and never stay'd,
Fell down, and all-to[2] dash'd herself for woe:
The cold pale dread my limbs 'gan overgo,
And I so sorrow'd at her sorrows eft,
That, what with grief and fear, my wits were reft.

I stretch'd myself, and straight my heart revives,
That dread and dolour erst did so appale;
Like him that with the fervent fever strives,
When sickness seeks his castle health to scale;
With gather'd spirits so forc'd I fear to avale:
And, rearing her, with anguish all foredone,
My spirits return'd, and then I thus begun:

O Sorrow, *alas, sith* Sorrow *is thy name,*
And that to thee this drear doth well pertain,
In vain it were to seek to cease the same:
But, as a man himself with sorrow slain,
So I, alas, do comfort thee in pain,
That here in sorrow art foresunk so deep,
That at thy sight I can but sigh and weep.

[1] *Shright*—shrieked. [2] *All-to*—entirely.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,[1]
But that the storm so rumbled in her breast,
As *Æölus* could never roar the like;
And showers down rained from her eyen so fast,
That all bedrent the place, till at the last,
Well eased they the dolour of her mind,
As rage of rain doth swage the stormy wind:

For forth she paced in her fearful tale:
Come, come, quoth she, *and see what I shall show,*
Come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale
Of worthy men by Fortune overthrow:
Come thou, and see them rueing all in row,
They were but shades that erst in mind thou roll'd:
Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold.

What could these words but make me more aghast,
To hear her tell whereon I mus'd whilere?
So was I maz'd therewith, till, at the last,
Musing upon her words, and what they were,
All suddenly well lesson'd was my fear;
For to my mind returned, how she tell'd
Both what she was, and where her won[2] she held.

[1] *Stike*—or stich, a verse or stanza. [2] *Won*—dwelling.

Whereby I knew that she a goddess was,
And, therewithal, resorted to my mind
My thought, that late presented me the glass
Of brittle state, of cares that here we find,
Of thousand woes to silly men assign'd:
And how she now bid me come and behold,
To see with eye that erst in thought I roll'd.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence
Adored her, perceiving now that she,
A goddess, sent by godly providence,
In earthly shape thus show'd herself to me,
To wail and rue this world's uncertainty:
And, while I honour'd thus her godhead's might
With plaining voice these words to me she shright.

I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,
And thence unto the blissful place of rest,
Where thou shall see, and hear, the plaint they make
That whilom here bare swing among the best:
This shalt thou see: but great is the unrest
That thou must bide, before thou canst attain
Unto the dreadful place where these remain.

And, with these words, as I upraised stood,
And 'gan to follow her that straight forth pac'd,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come, where, hand in hand embrac'd,
She led the way, and through the thick so trac'd,
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But lo, while thus amid the desert dark
We passed on with steps and pace unmeet,
A rumbling roar, confus'd with howl and bark
Of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,
And struck the din within our ears so deep,
As, half distraught, unto the ground I fell,
Besought return, and not to visit hell.

But she, forthwith, uplifting me apace,
Remov'd my dread, and, with a steadfast mind,
Bade me come on; for here was now the place,
The place where we our travail end should find:
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assign'd
Astoin'd I stalk, when straight we approached near
The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, o'erwhelmed with ragged stone,
With ugly mouth, and grisly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one:
Here enter'd we, and yeding[1] forth, anon
An horrible loathly lake we might discern,
As black as pitch, that cleped[2] is *Avern.*

A deadly gulf; where nought but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth in thicken'd lumps that lies,
Which up in th' air such stinking vapours throws,
That over there may fly no fowl but dies
Choak'd with the pestilent savours that arise:
Hither we come; whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place:

And, first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep *Remorse of Conscience,* all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that, all in vain,
Would wear, and waste continually in pain.

[1] *Yeding*—going. [2] *Cleped*—called.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought
So was her mind continually in fear,
Toss'd and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we *Dread*, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, proffer'd here and there:
Benumm'd of speech, and, with a ghastly look,
Search'd every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap born up with staring of his hair,
'Stoin'd and amaz'd at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell *Revenge*, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest, till she have her desire:
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell *Revenge*, with bloody foul pretence
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met:
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,[1]
Rueing, alas! upon the woeful plight
Of *Misery*, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean, and somedeal pin'd away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches, pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometimes some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare:
His drink, the running stream; his cup, the bare
Of his palm clos'd; his bed, the hard cold ground:
To this poor life was *Misery* ybound.

[1] *Fet*—fetched.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his fears,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
And, by and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy *Care*, still brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knobb'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up, and to his work yrun:
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy *Sleep*, the cousin of *Death*,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath:
Small keep took he, whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but, as a living death,
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fear was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteeming equally
King *Crœsus'* pomp, and *Irus'* poverty.

And next, in order sad, *Old Age* we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of *Jove* beseek?

But, and the cruel fates so fixed be,
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of *Jove* yet prayed he:
That, in such wither'd plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompanied with his loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit,
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it;
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would have mus'd, and marvell'd much, whereon
This wretched *Age* should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookback'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pill'd, and he with eld forlore:
His wither'd fist still knocking at *Death's* door,
Fumbling, and drivelling, as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of *Death.*

And fast by him pale *Malady* was plac'd,
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat, but broths alone:
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,
Detesting physick, and all physick's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
Ne turn'd our look, and, on the other side,
A grisly shape of *Famine* might we see,
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roar'd for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawn on every where,
All full of holes, that I ne might refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade,
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law:
Gnawing, alas, her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shriek'd in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiver with the might:
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale *Death*
Enthrilling it, to reave her of her breath.

l, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
avy, and cold, the shape of *Death* aright,
t daunts all earthly creatures to his law;
ainst whose force in vain it is to fight:
peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
o towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
ut all, perforce, must yield unto his power.

dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
h great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
t most of all my fears affrayed me:
body dight with nought but bones, pardé,
he naked shape of man there saw I plain,
ll save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

tly, stood *War*, in glittering arms yclad,
h visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued;
is right hand a naked sword he had,
t to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
amine and fire he held, and therewithal
e razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the best)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted and never ceas'd,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd:
His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In mids of which, depainted there, we found
Deadly *Debate*, all full of snaky hair,
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but discord every where:
And round about were portray'd, here and there,
The hugy hosts, *Darius* and his power,
His kings, princes, his peers, and all his flower.

Whom great *Macedo* vanquish'd there in sight,
With deep slaughter, despoiling all his pride,
Pierc'd through his realms, and daunted all his might:
Duke *Hannibal* beheld I there beside,
In *Canna's* field, victor how he did ride,
And woeful Romans that in vain withstood,
And consul *Paulus* cover'd all in blood.

Yet saw I more the fight at *Thrasimene*,
And *Treby* field, and eke when *Hannibal*
And worthy *Scipio* last in arms were seen
Before *Carthago* gate, to try for all
The world's empire, to whom it should befall:
There saw I *Pompey* and *Cæsar* clad in arms,
Their hosts allied and all their civil harms:

With conquerors' hands, forebath'd in their own blood,
And *Cæsar* weeping over *Pompey's* head;
Yet saw I *Sylla* and *Marius* where they stood,
Their great cruelty, and the deep bloodshed
Of friends: *Cyrus* I saw and his host dead,
And how the queen with great despite hath flung
His head in blood of them she overcome.

Xerxes, the Persian king, yet saw I there,
With his huge host, that drank the rivers dry,
Dismounted hills, and made the vales uprear,
His host and all yet saw I slain, pardé:
Thebes I saw, all raz'd how it did lie
In heaps of stones, and *Tyrus* put to spoil,
With walls and towers flat even'd with the soil.

But *Troy*, alas, methought, above them all,
It made mine eyes in very tears consume:
When I beheld the woeful word befall,
That by the wrathful will of gods was come;
And *Jove's* unmoved sentence and foredoom
On *Priam* king, and on his town so bent,
I could not lin,[1] but I must there lament.

And that the more, sith destiny was so stern
As, force perforce, there might no force avail,
But she must fall: and, by her fall, we learn,
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quail:
No manhood, might, nor nothing might prevail;
All were there prest full many a prince, and peer,
And many a knight that sold his death full dear.

Not worthy *Hector*, worthiest of them all,
Her hope, her joy, his force is now for nought:
O *Troy*, *Troy*, *Troy*,[2] there is no boot but bale,
The hugy horse within thy walls is brought;
Thy turrets fall, thy knights, that whilom fought
In arms amid the field, are slain in bed,
Thy gods defil'd, and all thy honour dead.

[1] *Lin*—to cease.

[2] *Troy* is repeated only twice in the edit. 1574.

The flames up spring, and cruelly they creep
From wall to roof, till all to cinders waste:
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleep,
Some rush in here, some run in there as fast;
In every where or sword, or fire, they taste:
The walls are torn, the towers whirl'd to the ground;
There is no mischief, but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they hal'd
From *Pallas'* house, with spercl'd tress undone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with Greeks' rout empal'd:
And *Priam* eke, in vain how he did run
To arms, whom *Pyrrhus* with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bath'd him in the baign
Of his son's blood, before the altar slain.

But how can I describe the doleful sight,
That in the shield so livelike fair did shine?
Sith in this world, I think was never wight
Could have set forth the half, not half so fine:
I can no more, but tell how there is seen
Fair *Ilium* fall in burning red gledes down,
And, from the soil, great *Troy, Neptunus'* town.

[1] *Spercled*—scattered.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw,
That fill'd with tears as doth the springing well,
We passed on so far forth till we saw
Rude *Acheron*, a loathsome lake to tell,
That boils and bubs up swelth as black as hell;
Where grisly *Charon*, at their fixed tide,
Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.

The aged god no sooner Sorrow spied,
But, hasting straight unto the bank apace,
With hollow call unto the rout he cried,
To swerve apart, and give the goddess place:
Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace,
Where, hand in hand as we then linked fast,
Within the boat we are together plac'd.

And forth we launch full fraughted to the brink:
When, with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel
Began to crack as if the same should sink:
We hoise up mast and sail, that in a while
We fetch'd the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to arrive, but that we heard anon
A three sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long forth pass'd, but that we saw
Black *Cerberus*, the hideous hound of hell,
With bristles rear'd, and with a three mouth'd jaw
Foredinning the air with his horrible yell,
Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell:
The goddess straight he knew, and by and by,
He peas'd and couch'd, while that we passed by.

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
Of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugy plain,
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan;
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here pul'd[1] the babes, and here the maids unwed
With folded hands their sorry chance bewail'd,
Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead,
That slew themselves when nothing else avail'd;
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wail'd
With sighs, and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfear,
That, oh, alas, it was a hell to hear.

[1] *Pule*—to whine. Pewed, edit. 1574.

We staid us straight, and with a rueful fear,
Beheld this heavy sight; while from mine eyes
The vapour'd tears down stilled here and there,
And *Sorrow* eke, in far more woeful wise,
Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies
Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
'Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

Lo here, quoth Sorrow, *princes of renown,*
That whilom sat on top of fortune's wheel,
Now laid full low; like wretches whirled down,
Ev'n with one frown, that stay'd but with a smile:
And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw only in thought; and, what thou now shalt hear,
Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer.

Then first came Henry duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pill'd, and quite foreworn,
Wringing his hands, and fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her scorn:
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretch'd hands he joins as fast
With rueful cheer, and vapour'd eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His hair all torn, about the place it lay;
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly methought, it dropt away:
His eyes they whirl'd about withouten stay,
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice,
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens rived with the noise:
Till at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berain'd,
On cruel fortune, weeping, thus he plain'd.

THE COMPLAINT OF HENRY DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WHO trusts too much to honour's highest throne,
And warely watch not sly dame Fortune's snares:
Or who in court will bear the sway alone,
And wisely weigh not how to wield the care,
Behold he me, and by my death beware:
Whom flattering fortune falsely so beguil'd,
That, lo, she slew, where erst full smooth she smil'd.

And, Sackville, sith in purpose now thou hast
The woeful fall of princes to descrive,
Whom fortune both uplift, and eke[1] down cast,
To show thereby the unsurety in this life,
Mark well my fall, which I shall show belive,[2]
And paint it forth, that all estates may know:
Have they the warning, and be mine the woe.

[1] 'Gain, edit. 1563. [2] *Belive*—speedily, quickly.

For noble blood made me both prince and peer,
Yea peerless too, had reason purchas'd place,
And God with gifts endow'd me largely here:
But what avails his gifts where fails his grace?
My mother's sire sprung of a kingly race,
And call'd was Edmund duke of Somerset,
Bereft of life ere time by nature set.

Whose faithful heart to Henry sixth so wrought,
That ne'er he him in weal, or woe, forsook,
Till lastly he at Tewksbury field was caught,
Where with an axe his violent death he took:
He never could king Edward's party brook,
Till by his death he vouch'd that quarrel good,
In which his sire and grandsire spilt their blood.

And such was erst my father's cruel chance,
Of Stafford earl, by name that Humfrey hight,[1]
Who ever prest[2] did Henry's part avaunce,
And never ceas'd, till at St. Albans' fight
He lost his life, as then did many a knight:
Where eke my grandsire, duke of Buckingham,
Was wounded sore, and hardly scaped unta'en,

[1] *Hight*—called, named. [2] *Prest*—ready.

But what may boot to stay the sisters three,
When Atropos perforce will cut the thread?
The doleful day was come, when you might see
Northampton field with armed men o'erspread,
Where fate would algates[1] have my grandsire dead:
So, rushing forth amidst the fiercest fight,
He lived and died there in his master's right.

In place of whom, as it befel my lot,
Like on a stage, so stepp'd I in straightway,
Enjoying there, but wofully, God wot,
As he that had a slender part to play:
To teach thereby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our parts abridge, or length our age,
So pass we all, while others fill the stage.

For of myself the dreary fate to plain,
I was sometimes a prince withouten peer,
When Edward fifth began his rueful reign,
Ah me, then I began that hateful year
To compass that which I have bought so dear:
I bear the swing, I and that wretched wight
The duke of Glocester, that Richard hight.

[1] *Algates*—on any terms, nevertheless.

For when the fates had reft that royal prince
Edward the fourth, chief mirror of that name,
The duke and I fast joined ever since
In faithful love, our secret drifts to frame,
What he thought best, to me so seem'd the same,
Myself not bent so much for to aspire,
As to fulfil that greedy duke's desire;

Those restless mind, sore thirsting after rule,
Then that he saw his nephews both to ben
Through tender years as yet unfit to rule,
Id rather ruled by their mother's kin,
Ere sought he first his mischief to begin,
To pluck from them their mother's friends assign'd,
For well he wist they would withstand his mind.

follow which he ran so headlong swift,
h eager thirst of his desired draught,
eek their deaths that sought to dash his drift,
hom the chief the queen's allies he thought,
bent thereto with mounts of mischief fraught,
knew their lives would be so sore his let,
at in their deaths his only help he set.

And I, most cursed caitif that I was,
Seeing the state unsteadfast how it stood,
His chief complice to bring the same to pass,
Unhappy wretch, consented to their blood:
Ye kings and peers that swim in worldly good,
In seeking blood the end advert you plain,
And see if blood aye ask not blood again.

Consider Cyrus in your cruel thought,
A makeless prince in riches, and in might,
And weigh in mind the bloody deeds he wrought,
In shedding which he set his whole delight:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,
He, whose huge power no man might overthrow,
Tomyris queen with great despite hath slow.

His head dismember'd from his mangled corpse,
Herself she cast into a vessel fraught
With clotter'd blood of them that felt her force,
And with these words a just reward she taught:
"Drink now thy fill of thy desired draught:"
Lo, mark the fine that did this prince befall:
Mark not this one, but mark the end of all.

Behold Cambyses, and his fatal day,
Where murder's mischief, mirror like, is left,
While he his brother Smerdis cast to slay,
A dreadful thing, his wits were him bereft:
A sword he caught, wherewith he pierced eft[1]
His body gor'd, which he of life benooms:[2]
So just is God in all his dreadful dooms.

O bloody Brutus, rightly didst thou rue,
And thou, O Cassius, justly came thy fall,
That with the sword, wherewith thou Cæsar slew,
Murderedst thyself, and reft thy life withal:
A mirror let him be unto you all
That murderers be, of murder to your meed:
For murder crieth out vengeance on your seed.

Lo Bessus, he that arm'd with murderer's knife,
And traitorous heart against his royal king,
With bloody hands bereft his master's life,
Advert the fine his foul offence did bring;
And loathing murder as most loathly thing,
Behold in him the just deserved fall
That ever hath, and shall betide them all.

[1] *Eft*—soon, quickly. [2] *Benoom*—to take away.

What booted him his false usurped reign,
Whereto by murder he did so ascend?
When, like a wretch led in an iron chain,
He was presented, by his chiefest friend,
Unto the foes of him whom he had slain:
That even they should venge so foul a guilt,
That rather sought to have his blood yspilt.

Take heed ye princes and ye prelates all
Of this outrage, which though it sleep awhile
And not disclos'd, as it doth seld[1] befall,
Yet God, that suffereth silence to beguile
Such guilts, wherewith both earth and air ye file,
At last descries them to your foul deface,
You see the examples set before your face.

And deeply grave within your stony hearts,
The dreary dole that mighty Macedo,
With tears unfolded, wrapp'd in deadly smarts,
When he the death of Clitus sorrowed so,
Whom erst he murder'd with the deadly blow
Raught[2] in his rage upon his friend so dear,
For which behold, lo, how his pangs appear.

[1] *Seld*—seldom. [2] *Raught*—reached.

The lanced spear he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple blood spins on his face:
His heinous guilt when he returned found,
He throws himself upon the corpse, alas!
And in his arms how oft doth he embrace
His murder'd friend! and kissing him, in vain
Forth flow the floods of salt repentant rain.

His friends amaz'd at such a murder done,
In fearful flocks begin to shrink away,
And he thereat, with heaps of grief foredone,
Hateth himself, wishing his latter day:
Now he likewise perceived in like stay,
As is the wild beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others and himself a dread.

He calls for death, and loathing longer life,
Bent to his bane, refuseth kindly food:
And plung'd in depth of death and dolour's strife,
Had quell'd himself, had not his friends withstood:
Lo, he that thus hath shed the guiltless blood,
Though he were king and kesar over all,
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withal.

This prince whose peer was never under sun,
Whose glistening fame the earth did overglide,
Which with his power wellnigh the world had won,
His bloody hands himself could not abide,
But fully bent with famine to have died,
The worthy prince deemed in his regard,
That death for death could be but just reward.

Yet we, that were so drowned in the depth
Of deep desire, to drink the guiltless blood,
Like to the wolf, with greedy looks that leapeth
Into the snare, to feed on deadly food,
So we delighted in the state we stood,
Blinded so far in all our blinded train,
That blind we saw not our destruction plain.

We spared none whose life could ought forelet
Our wicked purpose to his pass to come:
Four worthy knights we headed at Pomfret
Guiltless, God wot, withouten law or doom:
My heart even bleeds to tell you all and some,
And how lord Hastings, when he feared least,
Despiteously was murder'd and oppress'd.

These rocks upraught, that threaten'd most our wreck,
We seem'd to sail much surer in the stream:
And fortune faring as she were at beck
Laid in our lap the rule of all the realm:
The nephews straight depos'd were by the eame:[1]
And we advanc'd to that we bought full dear,
He crowned king, and I his chiefest peer.

Thus having won our long-desired pray,
To make him king that he might make me chief,
Down throw we straight his seely[2] nephews tway,
From princes' pomp, to woeful prisoners' life:
In hope that now stint[3] was all further strife:
Sith he was king, and I chief stroke did bear,
Who joyed but we, yet who more cause to fear?

The guiltless blood which we unjustly shed,
The royal babes divested from their throne,
And we like traitors reigning in their stead,
These heavy burdens pressed[4] us upon,
Tormenting us so by ourselves alone,
Much like the felon that, pursued by night,
Starts at each bush, as his foe were in sight.

[1] *Eame*—uncle. [2] *Seely*—simple, harmless.
[3] *Stint*—to limit or restrain. [4] *Passed*—Edit. 1574.

Now doubting state, now dreading loss of life,
In fear of wreck at every blast of wind,
Now start in dreams through dread of murderer's knife,
As though e'en then revengement were assign'd:
With restless thought so is the guilty mind
  Turmoil'd, and never feeleth ease or stay,
  But lives in fear of that which follows aye.

Well gave that judge his doom upon the death
Of Titus Cælius that in bed were slain:
When every wight the cruel murder layeth
To his two sons that in his chamber lain,
The judge, that by the proof perceiveth plain,
  That they were found fast sleeping in their bed,
  Hath deem'd them guiltless of this blood yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which break
The laws of God and man in such outrage,
Could so forthwith themselves to sleep betake:
He rather thought, the horror and the rage
Of such an heinous guilt, could never swage,
  Nor never suffer them to sleep, or rest,
  Or dreadless breathe one breath out of their breast.

So gnaws the grief of conscience evermore,
And in the heart it is so deep ygrave,
That they may neither sleep nor rest therefore,
Ne think one thought but on the dread they have:
Still to the death foretossed with the wave
Of restless woe, in terror and despair,
They lead a life continually in fear.

Like to the deer that stricken with the dart,
Withdraws himself into some secret place,
And feeling green the wound about his heart,
Startles with pangs till he fall on the grass,
And, in great fear, lies gasping there a space,
Forth braying sighs as though each pang had brought
The present death, which he doth dread so oft.

So we, deep wounded with the bloody thought,
And gnawing worm that griev'd our conscience so,
Never took ease, but as our heart out[1] brought
The strained[2] sighs in witness of our woe,
Such restless cares our fault did well beknow:
Wherewith, of our deserved fall, the fears
In every place rang death within our ears.

[1] *Forth*—Edit. 1563. [2] *Stained*—Edit. 1574.

And as ill grain is never well ykept,
So fared it by us within a while:
That which so long with such unrest we reapt,
In dread and danger by all wit and wile,
Lo, see the fine, when once it felt the wheel
Of slippery fortune, stay it might no stoun,[1]
The wheel whirls up, but straight it whirleth down.

For having rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gainsay the thing that we averr'd?
Will was wisdom, our lust for law did stand,
In sort so strange, that who was not afeard,
When he the sound but of king Richard heard?
So hateful wax'd the hearing of his name,
That you may deem the residue by the same.

But what avail'd the terrour and the fear,
Wherewith he kept his lieges under awe?
It rather won him hatred every where,
And feigned faces forc'd by fear of law:
That but, while fortune doth with favour blow,
Flatter through fear: for in their heart lurks aye
A secret hate that hopeth for a day.

[1] *Stoun*—occasion, time.

Recordeth Dionysius, the king,
That with his rigour so his realm oppress'd,
As that he thought by cruel fear to bring
His subjects under, as him liked best:
But, lo, the dread wherewith himself was stress'd,
And you shall see the fine of forced fear,
Most mirror like, in this proud prince appear.

All were his head with crown of gold yspread,
And in his hand the royal sceptre set,
And he with princely purple richly clad,
Yet was his heart with wretched cares o'erfret;
And inwardly with deadly fear beset,
Of those whom he by rigour kept in awe,
And sore oppress'd with might of tyrant's law.

Against whose fear no heaps of gold and gly,
No strength of guard, nor all his hired power,
Ne proud high towers, that preaced[1] to the sky,
His cruel heart of safety could assure:
But dreading them whom he should deem most sure,
Himself his beard with burning brand would sear,
Of death deserv'd so vexed him the fear.

[1] *Preaced*—crowded.

This might suffice to represent the fine
Of tyrant's force, their fears, and their unrest:
But hear this one, although my heart repine
To let the sound once sink within my breast,
Of fell Pheræus, that, above the rest,
Such loathsome cruelty on his people wrought,
As, oh, alas, I tremble with the thought.

Some he incased in the coats of bears,
Among wild beasts devoured so to be:
And some for prey unto the hunter's spears,
Like savage beasts withouten ruth to die:
Sometime, to increase his horrible cruelty,
The quick with face to face engraved he,
Each other's death that each might living see.

Lo, what more cruel horror might be found
To purchase fear, if fear could stay his reign?
It booted not, it rather strake the wound
Of fear in him, to fear the like again:
And so he did full oft, and not in vain,
As in his life his cares could witness well,
But, most of all, his wretched end doth tell.

His own dear wife, whom as his life he lov'd,
He durst not trust, nor 'proach unto her bed,
But causing first his slave with naked sword
To go before, himself with trembling dread
Straight followeth fast, and whirling in his head
  His rolling eyen, he searcheth here and there
  The deep danger that he so sore did fear.

For not in vain it ran still in his breast,
Some wretched hap should hale him to his end,
And therefore alway by his pillow prest
Had he a sword, and with that sword he wend
In vain, God wot, all perils to defend:
  For, lo, his wife, foreirked[1] of his reign,
  Sleeping in bed this cruel wretch hath slain.

What should I more now seek to say in this,
Or one jot farther linger forth say thus?
With cruel Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula, Domitian, and all
The cruel rout? or of their wretched fall?
  I can no more, but in my same advise
  All earthly powers beware of tyrant's [illegible]

[1] *Foreirked*—[illegible]

And as our state endured but a throw,
So, best in us, the stay of such a state
May best appear to hang on overthrow,
And better teach tyrants deserved hate,
Than any tyrant's death tofore or late:
So cruel seem'd this Richard third to me,
That, lo, myself now loath'd his cruelty.

For when, alas, I saw the tyrant king
Content not only from his nephews twain
To reave world's bliss, but also all world's being,
Sans[1] earthly guilt ycausing both be slain,
My heart aggriev'd that such a wretch should reign,
Whose bloody breast so salvag'd out of kind,[2]
That Phalaris had ne'er so bloody a mind.

Ne could I brook him once within my breast,
But with the thought my teeth would gnash withal:
For though I erst were his by sworn behest,
Yet when I saw mischief on mischief fall,
So deep in blood, to murder prince and all,
Ay then, thought I, alas, and wealaway,
And to myself thus mourning would I say:

[1] *Sans*—without. [2] *Kind*—nature.

If neither love, kindred, ne knot of blood,
His own allegiance to his prince of due,
Nor yet the state of trust wherein he stood,
The world's defame, nor nought could turn him true,
Those guiltless babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could their youth nor innocence withal,
Move him from reaving them their life and all?

Alas, it could not move him any jot,
Ne make him once to rue, or wet his eye,
Stirr'd him no more than that that stirreth not:
But as the rock, or stone, that will not ply,
So was his heart made hard with cruelty,
To murder them: alas, I weep in thought,
To think on that which this fell wretch hath wrought.

That now, when he had done the thing he sought,
And, as he would, 'complish'd and compass'd all,
And saw and knew the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to slay his prince and all,
Then seem'd he first to doubt and dread us all,
And me in chief; whose death, all means he might,
He sought to work by malice and by might.

Such heaps of harms up harbour'd in his breast,
With envious heart my honour to deface,
And knowing he, that I, which wotted[1] best
His wretched drifts, and all his cursed case,
If ever sprang within me spark of grace,
Must needs abhor him and his hateful race:
Now more and more can[2] cast me out of grace.

Which sudden change, when I, by secret chance
Had well perceiv'd, by proof of envious frown,
And saw the lot that did me to advance
Him to a king, that sought to cast me down,
Too late it was to linger any stoun,
Sith present choice lay cast before mine eye:
To work his death, or, I myself to die.

And, as the knight in field among his foes,
Beset with swords, must slay or there be slain;
So I, alas, lapp'd in a thousand woes,
Beholding death on every side so plain,
I rather chose by some sly secret train
To work his death, and I to live thereby,
Than he to live, and I of force to die.

[1] *Wotted*—knew. [2] *Can*—began.

Vhich heavy choice so hasten'd me to chose,
'hat I in part aggriev'd at his disdain,
n part to wreak the doleful death of those
'wo tender babes, his seely nephews twain,
y him, alas, commanded to be slain,
With painted cheer humbly before his face,
Straight took my leave, and rode to Brecknock place.

nd there as close and covert as I might
y purpos'd practice to his pass to bring,
n secret drifts I linger'd day and night,
ll how I might depose this cruel king,
'hat seem'd to all so much desired a thing,
As, thereto trusting, I empris'd[1] the same:
But too much trusting brought me to my bane.

'or while I now had fortune at my beck,
istrusting I no earthly thing at all,
nwares, alas, least looking for a check,
he mated me in turning of a ball:
/hen least I fear'd, then nearest was my fall,
And when whole hosts were press'd to 'stroy my foen,
She chang'd her cheer, and left me post alone.[2]

Emprised—undertook. [2] *Post alone*—quite alone.

I had uprais'd a mighty band of men,
And marched forth in order of array,
Leading my power amid the forest Dene,
Against the tyrant banner to display:
But, lo, my soldiers cowardly shrank away;
For such is fortune when she list to frown,
Who seems most sure, him soonest whirls she down

O, let no prince put trust in commonty,
Nor hope in faith of giddy people's mind,
But let all noble men take heed by me,
That by the proof too well the pain do find:
Lo, where is truth or trust? or what could bind
The vain people, but they will swerve and sway,
As chance brings change to drive and draw that way

Rome, thou that once advanced up so high,
Thy stay, patron, and flower of excellence,
Hast now thrown him to depth of misery,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
Ne countest it not an horrible offence,
To reaven him of honour and of fame,
That won it thee when thou hadst lost the same.

Behold Camillus, he that erst reviv'd
The state of Rome, that dying he did find,
Of his own state is now, alas, depriv'd,
Banish'd by them whom he did thus debt-bind:
That cruel folk, unthankful and unkind,
Declared well their false inconstancy,
And fortune eke her mutability.

And thou, Scipio, a mirror mayst thou be
To all nobles, that they learn not too late,
How they once trust the unstable commonty;
Thou that recuredst the torn dismember'd state,
Ev'n when the conqueror was at the gate,
Art now exil'd, as though thou not deserv'd
To rest in her, whom thou hadst so preserv'd.

Ingrateful Rome, hast showed thy cruelty
On him, by whom thou livest yet in fame,
But nor thy deed, nor his desert shall die,
But his own words shall witness aye the same:
For, lo, his grave doth thee most justly blame,
And with disdain in marble says to thee:
Unkind country, my bones shalt thou not see.

What more unworthy than this his exile?
More just than this the woeful plaint he wrote?
Or who could show a plainer proof the while,
Of most false faith, than they that thus forgot
His great deserts, that so deserved not?
His cinders yet, lo, doth he them deny
That him denied amongst them for to die.

Melciades, O happy hadst thou be,
And well rewarded of thy countrymen,
If in the field when thou hadst forc'd to fly,
By thy prowess, three hundred thousand men,
Content they had been to exile thee then:
And not to cast thee in depth of prison, so
Laden with gyves,[1] to end thy life in woe.

Alas, how hard and steely hearts had they,
That, not contented there to have thee die,
With fetter'd gyves in prison where thou lay,
Increas'd so far in hateful cruelty,
That burial to thy corpse they eke deny:
Ne will they grant the same till thy son have
Put on thy gyves, to purchase thee a grave.

[1] *Gyves*—fetters.

Lo, Hannibal, as long as fixed fate,
And brittle fortune had ordained so,
Who, evermore advanc'd his country state
Than thou, that livedst for her and for no mo?[1]
But when the stormy waves began to grow,
Without respect of thy deserts erewhile,
Art by thy country thrown into exile.

Unfriendly fortune, shall I thee now blame?
Or shall I fault the Fates that so ordain'd?
Or art thou, Jove, the causer of the same?
Or cruelty herself, doth she constrain?
Or on whom else, alas, shall I complain?
O trustless world, I can accusen none,
But fickle faith of commonty alone.

The polypus nor the cameleon strange,
That turn themselves to every hue they see,
Are not so full of vain and fickle change,
As is this false unsteadfast commonty:
Lo, I, alas, with mine adversity
Have tried it true, for they are fled and gone,
And of an host there is not left me one.

[1] *Mo*—more.

That I, alas, in this calamity
Alone was left, and to myself might plain
This treason, and this wretched cowardy,
And eke with tears beweepen and complain
My hateful hap, still looking to be slain;
Wandering in woe, and to the gods on high
Clepeing[1] for vengeance of this treachery.

And as the turtle that has lost her mate,
Whom griping sorrow doth so sore attaint,
With doleful voice and sound which she doth make,
Mourning her loss, fills all the grove with plaint:
So I, alas, forsaken and forfaint,
With restless foot the wood roam up and down,
Which of my dole all shivering doth resowne.

And being thus, alone, and all forsake,
Amid the thick, forewander'd in despair,
As one dismay'd, ne wist what way to take,
Until at last 'gan to my mind repair,
A man of mine, called Humfrey Banastaire:
Wherewith me feeling much recomforted,
In hope of succour, to his house I fled.

[1] *Clepe*—to call.

Who being one whom erst I had upbrought
Ev'n from his youth, and lov'd and liked best,
To gentry state advancing him from nought,
And had in secret trust, above the rest
Of special trust, now being thus distress'd,
Full secretly to him I me conveyed,
Not doubting there but I should find some aid.

But out, alas, on cruel treachery,
When that this caitiff once an inkling heard,
How that king Richard had proclaim'd, that he
Which me descried should have for his reward
A thousand pounds, and further be preferr'd,
His truth so turn'd to treason, all distain'd,
That faith quite fled, and I by trust was train'd.

For by this wretch I being straight betrayed
To one John Mitton, sheriff of Shropshire then,
All suddenly was taken, and conveyed
To Salisbury, with rout of harness'd men,
Unto king Richard there, encamped then
Fast by the city with a mighty host:
Withouten doom where head and life I lost."

And with these words, as if the axe ev'n there
Dismembered his head and corpse apart,
Dead fell he down: and we in woeful fear
Stood 'mazed when he would to life revert:
But deadly griefs still grew about his heart,
That still he lay, sometime reviv'd with pain,
And with a sigh becoming dead again.

Midnight was come, and every vital thing
With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest,
The beasts were still, the little birds that sing,
Now sweetly slept beside their mother's breast,
The old and all well shrouded in their nest:
The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden stars were whirl'd amid their race,
And on the earth did with their twinkling light,
When each thing nestled in his resting place,
Forgat day's pain with pleasure of the night:
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
The partridge drept not of the falcon's foot.

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear,
The stag lay still unroused from the brake,
The foamy boar fear'd not the hunter's spear:
All thing was still in desert, bush, and brear:
With quiet heart now from their travails ceas'd,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When Buckingham, amid his plaint oppress'd,
With surging sorrows, and with pinching pains
In sort thus sown'd,[1] and with a sigh, he ceas'd
To tellen forth the treachery and the trains
Of Banastaire: which him so sore distrains,
That from a sigh he falls into a sounde,[1]
And from a sounde lieth raging on the ground.

So twitching were the pangs that he assayed,
And he so sore with rueful rage distraught,
To think upon the wretch that him betrayed,
Whom erst he made a gentleman of nought,
That more and more agrieved with this thought,
He storms out sighs, and with redoubled sore,
Stroke with the furies, rageth more and more.

[1] *Sounde*—swoon.

Whoso hath seen the bull chased with darts,
And with deep wounds foregall'd and gored so,
Till he, oppressed with the deadly smarts,
Fall in a rage, and run upon his foe,
Let him, I say, behold the raging woe
Of Buckingham, that in these gripes of grief,
Rageth 'gainst him that hath betrayed his life.

With blood red eyen he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clout:
When, lo, my limbs were trembling all for fear,
And I amaz'd stood still in dread and doubt,
While I might see him throw his arms about:
And 'gainst the ground himself plunge with such force,
As if the life forthwith should leave the corpse.

With smoke of sighs sometime I might behold
The place all dimm'd, like to the morning mist:
And straight again the tears how they down roll'd
Alongst his cheeks, as if the rivers hiss'd:
Whose flowing streams ne were no sooner whist,[1]
But to the stars such dreadful shouts he sent,
As if the throne of mighty Jove should rent.

[1] *Whist*—still, silent.

And I the while with spirits well nigh bereft,
Beheld the plight and pangs that did him strain,
And how the blood his deadly colour left,
And straight return'd with flaming red again:
When suddenly amid his raging pain
He gave a sigh, and with that sigh he said:
Oh Banastaire! and straight again he stay'd.

Dead lay his corpse, as dead as any stone,
Till swelling sighs storming within his breast,
Uprais'd his head, that downward fell anon,
With looks upcast, and sighs that never ceas'd:
Forth stream'd the tears, records of his unrest,
When he with shrieks thus groveling on the ground,
Ybrayed these words with shrill and doleful sound.

" Heaven and earth, and ye eternal lamps
That, in the heavens wrapt, will us to rest,
Thou bright Phœbe, that clearest the night's damps,
Witness the plaints that in these pangs oppress'd,
I, woeful wretch, unlade out of my breast,
And let me yield my last words, ere I part,
You, you, I call to record of my smart.

And thou, Alecto, feed me with thy food,
Let fall thy serpents from thy snaky hair,
For such relief well fits me in this mood,
To feed my plaint with horrour and with fear,
While rage afresh thy venom'd worm arrear:
And thou Sibilla, when thou seest me faint,
Address thyself the guide of my complaint.

And thou, O Jove, that with thy deep foredoom
Dost rule the earth, and reign above the skies,
That wreakest wrongs, and givest the dreadful doom
Against the wretch that doth thy name despise,
Receive these words, and wreak them in such wise,
As heaven and earth may witness and behold,
Thy heaps of wrath upon this wretch unfold.

Thou, Banastaire, 'gainst thee I clepe and call
Unto the gods, that they just vengeance take
On thee, thy blood, thy stained stock and all:
O Jove, to thee above the rest I make
My humble plaint, guide me, that what I speak
May be thy will upon this wretch to fall,
On thee, Banastaire, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God that cruel dismal day,
That gave me light first to behold thy face,
With foul eclipse had reft my sight away:
The unhappy hour, the time, and eke the place,
The sun and moon, the stars, and all that was
In their aspects helping in ought to thee,
The earth and air, and all, accursed be.

And thou, caitiff, that like a monster swerv'd
From kind and kindness, hast thy master lorn,
Whom neither truth, nor trust wherein thou serv'd,
Ne his deserts could move, nor thy faith sworn,
How shall I curse, but wish that thou unborn
Had been, or that the earth had rent in tway,
And swallow'd thee in cradle as thou lay.

To this did I, ev'n from thy tender youth,
Witsave[1] to bring thee up? did I herefore
Believe the oath of thy undoubted truth?
Advance thee up, and trust thee evermore?
By trusting thee that I should die therefore?
O wretch, and worse than wretch, what shall I say?
But clepe and curse 'gainst thee and thine for aye.

[1] *Witsave*—vouchsafe.

Hated be thou, disdain'd of every wight,
And pointed at wherever that thou go:
A traitorous wretch, unworthy of the light
Be thou esteem'd: and to increase thy woe,
The sound be hateful of thy name also:
And in this sort with shame and sharp reproach,
Lead thou thy life, till greater grief approach.

Dole and despair, let those be thy delight,
Wrapped in woes that cannot be unfold,
To wail the day, and weep the weary night,
With rainy eyen and sighs cannot be told,
And let no wight thy woe seek to withhold:
But count thee worthy, wretch, of sorrow's store,
That suffering much, ought still to suffer more.

Deserve thou death, yea be thou deem'd to die
A shameful death, to end thy shameful life:
A sight long'd for, joyful to every eye,
When thou shalt be arraigned as a thief,
Standing at bar, and pleading for thy life,
With trembling tongue, in dread and dolour's rage,
Lade with white locks, and fourscore years of age.

Yet shall not death deliver thee so soon
Out of thy woes, so happy shalt thou not be:
But to the eternal Jove this is my boon,
That thou mayest live thine eldest son to see
Reft of his wits, and in a foul boar's sty
To end his days, in rage and death distress'd,
A worthy tomb where one of thine should rest.

And after this, yet pray I more, thou may
Thy second son see drowned in a dyke,
And in such sort to close his latter day,
As heard or seen erst hath not been the like:
Ystrangled in a puddle, not so deep
As half a foot, that such hard loss of life,
So cruelly chanc'd, may be thy greater grief.

And not yet shall thy hugy sorrows cease,
Jove shall not so withhold his wrath from thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more increase,
Thou shalt still live, that thou thyself mayest see
Thy dear daughter stricken with leprosy:
That she, that erst was all thy whole delight,
Thou now mayest loath to have her come in sight.

And after that, let shame and sorrow's grief
Feed forth thy years continually in woe,
That thou mayest live in death, and die in life,
And in this sort forewail'd and wearied so,
At last thy ghost to part thy body fro:
  This pray I, Jove, and with this latter breath,
  Vengeance I ask upon my cruel death."

This said, he flung his retchless[1] arms abroad,
And, groveling, flat upon the ground he lay,
Which with his teeth he all-to gnash'd and gnaw'd,
Deep groans he fetch'd, as he that would away:
But, lo, in vain he did the death assay:
  Although I think was never man that knew
  Such deadly pains, where death did not ensue.

So strove he thus awhile as with the death,
Now pale as lead, and cold as any stone,
Now still as calm, now storming forth a breath
Of smoky sighs, as breath and all were gone:
But every thing hath end: so he anon
  Came to himself, when, with a sigh outbray'd,
  With woeful cheer, these woeful words he said:

[1] *Retchless*—careless.

'Ah, where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Vho reft my wits? or how do I thus lie?
ly limbs do quake, my thought aghasted is,
Vhy sigh I so? or whereunto do I
hus grovel on the ground?" and by and by
Uprais'd he stood, and with a sigh hath stay'd,
When to himself returned, thus he said:

Sufficeth now this plaint and this regret,
hereof my heart his bottom hath unfraught:
ıd of my death let peers and princes wete[1]
ıe world's untrust, that they thereby be taught:
ıd in her wealth, sith that such change is wrought,
Hope not too much, but in the mids of all
Think on my death, and what may them befall.

long as fortune would permit the same,
v'd in rule and riches with the best:
l pass'd my time in honour and in fame,
ıt of mishap no fear was in my breast:
false fortune, when I suspected least,
turn the wheel, and with a doleful fall
-h me bereft of honour, life, and all.

[1] *Wete*—to know.

Lo, what avails in riches floods that flows?
Though she so smil'd, as all the world were his,
Even kings and kesars biden fortune's throws,
And simple sort must bear it as it is.
Take heed by me that blith'd in baleful bliss:
My rule, my riches, royal blood and all,
When fortune frown'd, the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps, that happens unto such
Whose wretched state erst never fell no change,
Agrieve them not in any part so much
As their distress: to whom it is so strange
That all their lives, nay, passed pleasures range,
Their sudden woe, that aye wield wealth at will,
Algates their hearts more piercingly must thrill.

For of my birth, my blood was of the best,
First born an earl, then duke by due descent,
To swing the sway in court among the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent,
And kind with courage so my corpse had blent,
That lo, on whom but me did she most smile?
And whom but me, lo, did she most beguile?

Now hast thou heard the whole of my unhap,
My chance, my change, the cause of all my care:
In wealth and woe, how fortune did me wrap,
With world at will, to win me to her snare:
Bid kings, bid kesars, bid all states beware,
And tell them this from me that tried it true:
Who reckless rules, right soon may hap to rue."

THE END.

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